

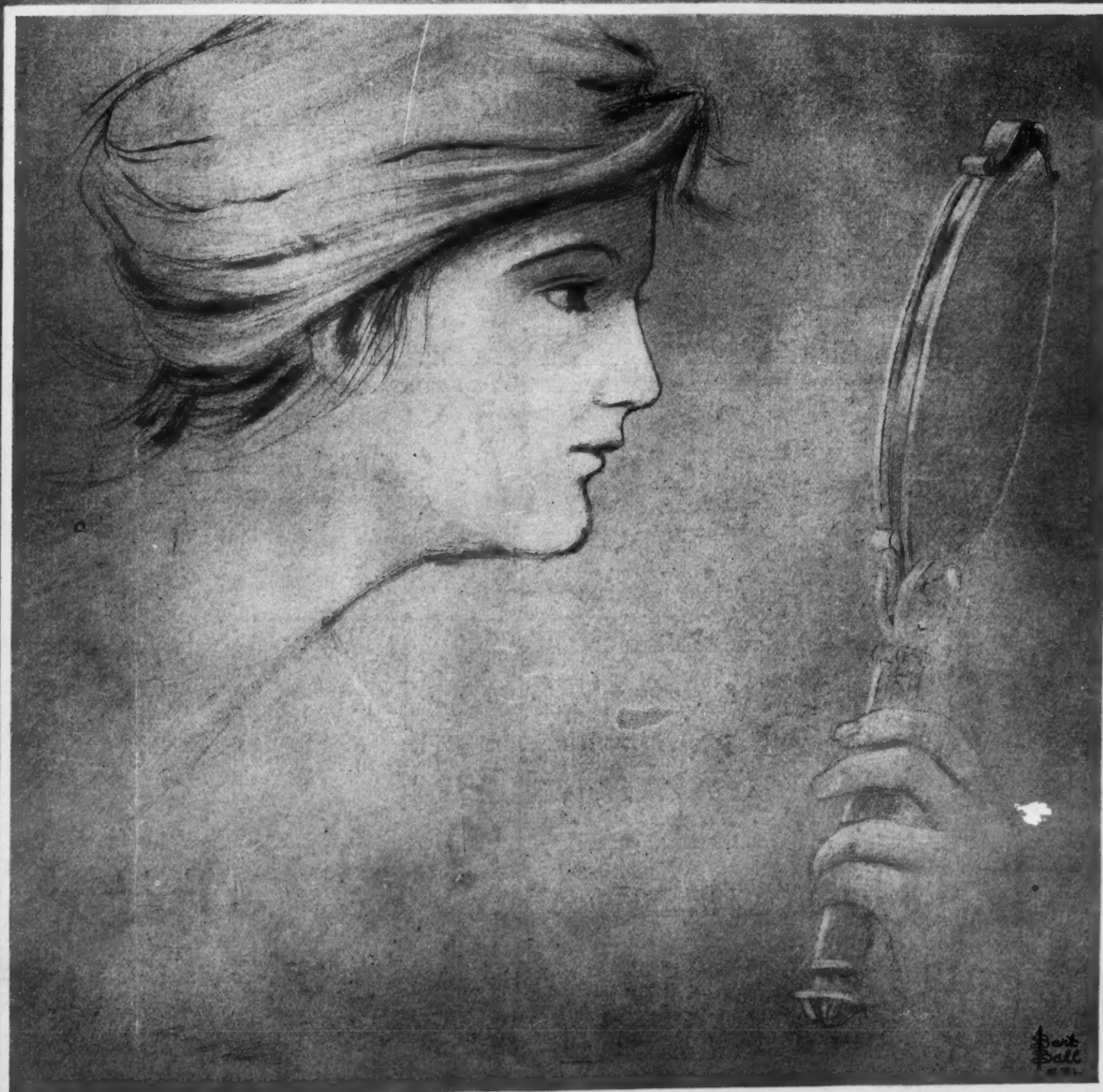
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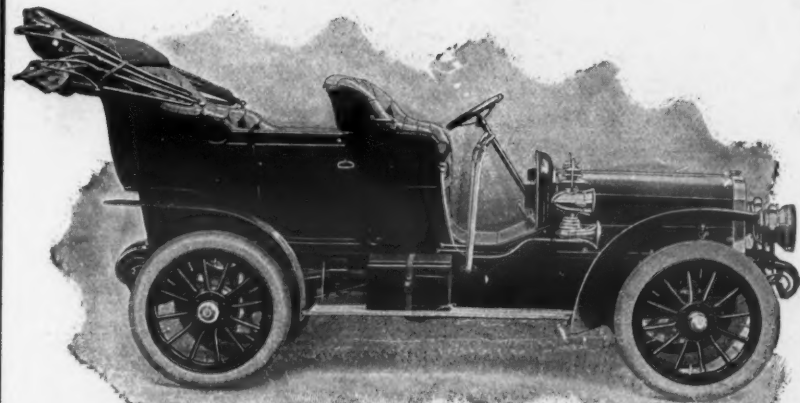
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# The Mirror

VOL. XV.—No. 47

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1906.

PRICE. FIVE CENTS.



CARRY YOUR BAG, SIR?

## THE MIRROR

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Abandoned

THE Mayor has abandoned the bond issue as hopelessly beaten and the Charter Amendments will be allowed to die in the air between Council and House. Rolla can't rule, so he will ruin. All needed improvements will be sacrificed rather than concede anything to the free bridgers. This will be denied, but it is true.

## THE MIRROR

### We Said: "Ferries."

By W. M. R.

Before the purchase of the Wiggins ferry the rate on coal was 15 cents a ton. After the purchase of the ferry completed and clinched the Terminal monopoly the rate on coal was raised to 30 cents. The reduction of one-third just announced lowers the rate to 20 cents a ton, but 10 cents is added for switching charges which makes the rate on coal 30 cents, or 100 per cent more than it was before the purchase of the ferry. Allowing for the reduction just heralded as a valuable concession, the Terminal company has doubled its rate on coal by the time it reaches the consumer in St. Louis. The citizen who uses coal for domestic purposes or manufacturing pays the Terminal Association twice as much as before the ferry deal. There is an increase of 100 per cent in the arbitrary charge, after deducting the so-called reduction.—From the *Globe-Democrat*, Friday morning, Jan. 5, 1906.

WHAT'S the logic of the above presentation of one phase of our terminal problem? That the cure for our troubles is in the establishment of ferries.

One ferry run by the city between here and East St. Louis would bring the two bridge concerns to time and taw, not only as to coal, but as to all small shipments of the smaller merchants who do not get a rebate on bridge and terminal charges.

Ferries, five of them, can be established cheaper than one bridge. They can be put in operation more quickly.

But no landings can be had for ferries in East St. Louis, you say. Mistake. East St. Louis can run streets through the landing grants conferred on the Wiggins Ferry Company, but now held by the Terminal Association. At the ends of such street wharf privileges can be let for ferry landings. East St. Louis is interested in the ferry proposition, because ferries will keep the terminals in East St. Louis.

We don't want terminals in East St. Louis, says some one. What do we care where they are if they render us service good and quick and cheap? All this thing of considering East St. Louis as a separate city from ours is rot. The two communities are one. Granite City is part of St. Louis. The ferries between the two sides of the river will keep the communities bound more closely. We can get East St. Louis' co-operation in a ferry scheme. We can't get such co-operation for a bridge.

Ferries between East St. Louis and St. Louis would be as modern as ferries between Weehawken, Hoboken, Jersey City and New York City. They would enable every one to send a team and wagon over the river to get his goods. They would help to relieve freight congestions. For the East St. Louis yards are nearer to most of the shippers on this side than any space available on this side for adequate yards. Wagon transfer has always been quicker between the East side and this side, than the car transfer and switching. This wagon transfer has been carried on over the ferries. Such wagon transfer was attempted by several big shippers not long since, but it was abandoned because the law would not grant them common carrier privileges when they were designed to transfer only the goods of their own concerns.

A new bridge will have to connect with the present terminals on either side of the river, and will be but a new link between two switching charges. Municipal ferries would cut out the bridge rate and wipe out switching charges altogether. Ferries that the

Terminals couldn't buy up would force down terminal charges, just as Wiggins Ferry competition kept down the bridge charges until the bridge managements took the Wiggins institution into a combination.

If we want to get rid of the terminal charges there are but two ways of doing one thing that will accomplish it. The city should buy the bridges and terminals, or the city should establish ferries which will give the bridges and terminals a battle for business that will bring down rates. The city must have mastery of the situation. A free bridge won't have mastery, because the Terminal Association will own both ends of it. Free ferries will cross a free stream to landings owned by the two cities. They will be public utilities on public property, and they can be operated cheaply for that reason. They will pay for themselves in what they save the shipper to put into his business otherwise.

Ferries, municipal ferries, will put an end to the rebating of bridge and terminal arbitraries to big shippers. Such rebating makes the strength of the Terminal Association in St. Louis affairs. It enlists big men on the association's side. The rank injustice of it is that the rebate makes the small shipper pay the cost of the big shippers' shipping, and eventually all the cost comes out of the public.

Two ferry boats between East St. Louis and St. Louis would smash the Terminal monopoly in two weeks. We can get them. We can get them sooner; we can get them cheaper than we can get a bridge. For a bridge, too, we'll have to get a landing where the monopoly now claims land, and East St. Louis won't favor a bridge, while it will favor ferries, because ferries will keep the East side terminals where they are, and make East side business, whereas a bridge scheme means taking business away from East St. Louis. East St. Louis economically and industrially is as much a part of St. Louis as is Manchester, Carondelet, Baden, Cheltenham, but it is in Illinois, politically and geographically, and so can protect its sectional interests, which are opposed to a bridge.

Ferries will relieve the situation. The roads now send a great deal of freight to this side by teams on ferries, by arrangement with a connecting transfer company. There are, at least, three transfer companies with large capital operating with teams over the ferries. If there were more ferries, there would be more transfer companies, and every man could send his own wagon across the river for his goods or with his goods. Would this bring down the bridge and terminal charges? In a jiffy. Let us quit howling for a free bridge that'll be no good when we have it, and go to work for free ferries. Then we will save time, save money and get results.

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## Reflections

Bad Logic and Bad Sentiment of Euthanasia

D R. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, a distinguished literary man, friend of Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin and other lights, favors euthanasia for the insane, the hopelessly sick and old, and the victims of accident who cannot recover. A fine doctor, this. But into whose hands shall we commit the power to decide that these persons shall be killed? Why not leave it to each man when to kill himself? Then one would kill himself to escape a katzenjammer, another to spite his wife, a third to escape a little recurring pain. Most suicides are prompted by things which, in a broad, sane view, are trifles. We have seen the insane get well, even if only for a few hours before the death that released them. There is no disease that is incurable. We have seen so many hopeless cases recover. And then as to the mangled in accidents, how many



have survived who seemed to have little chance of so doing. Come to think of it, why prolong any life? We are all dying every minute. In eternity the years of a man's life are no more than the duration of the twinkling of an eye. You are as surely under sentence as he or she who lies before you fading away with cancer or consumption. Why not kill a man while he is in full tide of happy life, lest later he may suffer? And again isn't it likely that this Charles Eliot Norton proposal is a bit selfish? Are we quite sure that we don't want to kill such sufferers as he has in mind, not because they suffer, but because their sufferings make us suffer? We fear that Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, eminent and learned though he be, is inclined to be a little sloppy in his sensitiveness. After all, suffering isn't such a bad thing. Out of it comes life itself, and most of life's moral beauty. It is the soul of love and, at its highest, undistinguishable from joy. The old wicked world is wise. A man shall die when his works run down, when in the great and, as we must believe, well ordered plan of events, his hour strikes. If not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoted by the God who must love us, as emanating from Himself, then none of us falls until the time appointed, and by means foreseen from everlasting unto everlasting. We can help the afflicted and should do so, but none of us has the right to put another out of life unless to save our own or others. There are no ifs or buts about the mandate: "Thou shalt not kill." Dr. Charles Eliot Norton is the victim of a morbid sentimentalism. No man is dead until he be dead. Therefore, let us let him die, nor mar the working out of the fullest possibility of the last second of living that may be due him. A fraction of a second of however painful light and life is worth more than eternities of dark and death into which Dr. Norton would plunge the man whose pain is unpleasant chiefly to the highly sensitized contemplation of Dr. Norton.

ADmiral ROJESTVENSKY is still seeing fleets after him as he did when he shelled a few poor trawlers on the Dogger Banks.

ONCE we had a Million Club in this city, but it appears to have been lost in the crowd. At least, it cannot be discovered by the most painstaking search in the purlieus of the plutocracy. However, we shall not abandon all hope until Mr. Bud Dozier has searched himself thoroughly. It may be found secreted upon his person.

#### Public Ownership

TOM L. JOHNSON is going to try to have the city of Cleveland buy its street railroads and operate them on a three cent fare basis. His endeavor will be a help to Mayor Dunne of Chicago in his attempt to do the same thing. Johnson has his town's confidence. Dunne has his town's confidence. But in Chicago the traction gang has the aldermen and the press with one exception. Dunne will eventually win, even if there has to be another plebiscite on the issue. Chicago has the worst street railway system of any large city in the world, not even barring New York's cross-town roads, and the people have borne with it for years, but they are tired. The traction syndicate hopes to defeat the Chicago plan of a company to acquire the lines and run them for the city, by appeal to the law, but the Mayor's plan has the approval of good lawyers, and courts are looking and leaning more towards municipalization ideas than they did in the past. Tom Johnson will warm up

the idea by a campaign in Cleveland, and act as a bracer to Mayor Dunne in Chicago.

DEMOCRATS in Congress are about as effective as sundials in the night.

SILENCE has fallen on the project of President Francis' trip around the world to bestow World's Fair prizes and thanks to potentates. He will not go now until the World's Fair crowd restores Forest Park, which will be on or about the Greek Kallends.

#### Bond Issue

POLITICIANS are figuring around to fix the Democratic City Committee to jam through the bond issue amendments to the Charter. But this bond issue can't be bribed through and stuffed through like the World's Fair bond issue, when Ed. Butler got \$16,500 for the boys to turn the trick. There isn't anyone now interested in the bond issue "game" enough to put up the money or to "handle it" after it is put up. Without the committee, and the committee can't be had without the "cush," the bond issue will be beaten because the proposition contains so many snags for private profit concealed behind alleged public benefit projects.

THE Jefferson Club's collapse was synchronous, if not simultaneous, with the stoppage of the panel game rake off.

JAMES HAZEN HYDE has left us, but we still have Harry Symes Lehr as our proudest specimen of *das Ewig weibliche*.

#### Impeach Him!

A WOMAN who proved that her husband had not once kissed her since their marriage in 1896, was denied a divorce by Judge Bishop, in this city, one day last week. We think that the proof was sufficient to justify a divorce. An unknissed wife is something almost unthinkable. A marriage without kisses in it—especially kisses following spats—is no marriage at all. Judge Bishop is a bachelor, but suppose even he had not been kissed once since 1896! We hope that the wife who wasn't kissed once, not even by her husband, will bring her case before some humane and appreciative jurist, like Judge Daniel G. Taylor, Judge Moses N. Sale, or Judge O'Neill Ryan. As for Judge Bishop—he ought to be impeached.

ROCKEFELLER is organizing a syrup trust, and by the same old syrupitious methods.

HAVE the police raided a single hand-booking establishment since the law making that occupation a felony was passed? Yet there are an hundred hand books operating in the city to-day. Here's another place for a big question mark.

#### The Wedding

WHAT'S the use of publishing newspapers, filled up with high politics, high finance, high sport and other high jinks, these days? There's only one piece of news—Miss Roosevelt's approaching wedding, with the preliminaries as to hats, gowns, wraps, laces, etc. If you're not up on these things you must remain dumb in all gatherings where the blessed sex have sway and say. Read the news about the preparations for the wedding and see the whole world from which, as a mere man, you are barred by the limitations of your comprehension, and see the won-

derful effects in words which fail utterly to convey to your obnubilated mentality any conception of the glories to be at that affair. How small appears her father now in contrast with Miss Alice. He amounts to even less than the groom-to-be, Mr. Longworth. The wedding is more important than the Panama Canal, rate regulation, the land frauds, Russia's agonies of re-birth, the new ministry in England—or anything else, to the most important element of our civilization, the women. But why complain? This is as it should be. A little love is more than all of the best else there is in this world, and the women are the only folks who really know this great fact. To men, romance is over, usually, with the wedding. To women a wedding opens up vistas of wonder and worlds of experience and peril.

THE insurance mob in New York were not in it for graft with our patrolmen and detectives.

TURN about is fair play. A "landlady" shook down an ex-police sergeant for \$250 the other evening. The ex-sergeant should read Emerson's great and consoling essay on "Compensation."

#### An Economic Illuminant

THE MIRROR presents its compliments to Mr. William Hyperbole Miltenberger, the dashing real estate promoter, for that his activities in buying downtown corners presents such inescapable argument in favor of taxing drastically for the general good of the publicly created values of private property. Mr. Miltenberger should have a vote of thanks from the Single Taxers for making it plain that the land values of a community, created by the community, are, under the present system of taxation, a burden on the users of property and yield the greater profit only to non-users. We trust that Mr. Miltenberger, that handsome and voluble young financier, will continue to gather in fine corners and get his deals into the papers. It is all education for the public. The public will soon "see the cat" and understand why the rents are high and why the poor man's land is taxed higher than the rich man's land. All the rich man had to do is hold land and let the people increase its value for him, the users being penalized for improvement and use. With the incidence of the proper taxation on land, there would be more improvement, more use of land, lower rents, more population, more extensive manufacturing and trading, a disappearance of slums and a juster distribution of wealth among those whose work creates wealth. Mr. Miltenberger is a great reformer, but he doesn't know it. Here's more power to the boom he is creating, more glitter to his diamonds, more silken glamour to his golden beard, more unction to his speech, more speed to his automobile, more publicity to his promotive genius. He is an incarnate economic illuminant, is William, and the more land he grabs the surer he helps the coming of the day of "the land for the people."

SENATOR BURTON, of Kansas, will not resign. He has the courage of his convictions—two of them.

MAYOR McCLELLAN has received the stolen goods and now cuts the thieves. That's just like those sons of their fathers in politics. We've had 'em in St. Louis.

THE Cella Commission Company pleads that its big business is illegal, because it is engaged in gambling transactions. It not only gambles, but it



welches when it loses. And yet no action is taken against it as a bucket shop concern when the law clearly prohibits bucket shops, and the company admits its bucketing. The authorities are at no loss for evidence, and as for law, the Federal Circuit Court has said that even the business of puts and calls is gambling, and therefore illegal. Raid the bucket shops!

❖❖

THE jury panel is something from which our grafting cops will get nothing they care for.

❖❖

ODELL has been smashed as a Republican boss in New York State. Roosevelt did it. Depew is next. Then Platt. The next Senator from New York may be Joseph Hodges Choate, and after him Theodore Roosevelt. Reform is moving with the steady stride of Retribution everywhere.

❖❖

#### Mr. Schiff on the Money Question

MR. JACOB H. SCHIFF, the great New York banker, had better be careful or he will find himself committed to the heretical idea of "the quantitative theory of money," which was Mr. Bryan's anarchic idea in 1896. Mr. Schiff says, in effect, we need more money. His idea is that it is only needed for "emergencies," and he would base its value on commercial paper to be issued from the clearing house. This is getting pretty close to the idea of issuing warrants on the crops and other products. Our practical bankers, as well as our practical politicians, are finding out that their practicalities are impractical, and that the much despised doctrinaires have ideas that are worth considering. When the big banker is pinched he's always willing to accept as good what approaches with greater or less closeness to the fiat money he denounces at other times. Mr. Schiff dodges the main point in the financial difficulty in Wall street, which is, that Wall street is dealing in spook money most of the time, and real money sits tight and won't come out when there seems a prospect that it shall be used to bolster up flimsy securities. Money is scarce when Wall street begins to deal in stocks and bonds at something like their real value. When the banks get to judging securities on their merits, independent of water and hot air and corporation fiat, the fellows who have been borrowing on such securities have to rustle for money, and can't get it by putting up more of the same kind of stuff. There isn't enough money in the country to pay off the bonds and stock issued so copiously on every hand. What money there may be is concentrated in the hands of those who have unloaded the securities. The country is drained of money by the utterers of securities. So long as those fellows can make securities without let or hindrance, and inflate their prices, they will be able to create stringencies in which they can loan the money they have squeezed out of the public at exorbitant rates. There isn't enough money for legitimate business. There never will be enough money in the country if the issuance of bonds and stock be not put an end to. A general settlement day would break the country, and a foreclosure upon bonds would leave the country owned by less than five hundred men. The country is prosperous, but the money is engrossed by a few through high-finance operations. Wall street drains the country, and then when Wall street gets to skinning itself the money held by a few won't come out except upon the holders' own terms. When the United States Treasury "helps out," it doesn't help out anyone but the gamblers. The proposal to issue a government guaranteed currency equal to 50 per

cent of the bond-secured currency, subject to 5 or 6 per cent tax, means that only the speculators could afford to pay the tax. One cure for our monetary troubles would be to check the reckless promotions and stock and bond issues and flotations at inflated prices. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff might use his influence to that end. The people have seen recently how prices of securities are different to insiders from what they are to outsiders. They have seen how their money sent to the great New York insurance companies has been used against themselves in stock speculations and in industrials based on raising prices. The public has, measurably, quit pouring its money into the pockets of the New York wise guys. It doesn't want the government turning loose public moneys to help those same wise guys out of bad holes. In short, the chief trouble with our money is that it is so easily gotten into a few hands and kept for use in narrow operations in the stock market, when it should be circulating in the channels of legitimate business. Mr. Schiff partly sees this, and wants, in a way, to get back to the basing of money on the country's resources more or less direct, which means, to an extent, a fiat money. There is some fiat in all money. We fear that if Mr. Schiff abandons himself to his logic he will not have to be scratched very deeply to reveal him as a greenbacker. There's no fiat money man quite so hot as your banker when he feels the pinch of conditions as they work out in our system which permits periods of money-monopoly in the financial centers. Anyhow, Mr. Schiff's outerv should warn people that the panic predicted by Rockefeller for 1907 is not out of the range of possibility, for, if you'll only think a minute, Rockefeller himself could bring on that panic by simply locking up his money.

❖❖

ALCOHOLISM has increased in St. Louis since the lid was put on the town. The lid is most strongly indorsed by those people in the country who can get along without straight booze because they have acquired the Peruna habit, whereto they can minister without police interference at the drug store. Does Gov. Folk indorse Peruna?

❖❖❖

## A Lyric.

By Ernest McGaffey.

WHY what art Thou, age-deep in slime and mud,  
Ancient as Time, coeval with the flood?  
"I am a gem, bought with a nation's blood."

"I gleamed triumphant on the brow of Kings,  
I heard the sweep of many centuries' wings,  
And now I lie among forgotten things."

Now what art Thou, who goeth halt and lame,  
With hand upraised, as though to hide thy shame?  
"I am the mockery that men call Fame."

"Briefer than madrigals the wild wind sings  
Were these, my deeds, and bold imaginings;  
And now I mingle with forgotten things."

And what art Thou, as radiant as the morn,  
That seem the ire of Death and Fate to scorn?  
"I am a lyric, of a poet born."

"My music through the upper arches rings;  
The chords I strike are from the heart's tense strings;  
The stars and I rank with immortal things."

#### The Bond Swindles.

ABOUT fifty suits of bond investors against the North American Investment Company in the local courts have been settled by compromise. The investors got their money, when the case had progressed far enough to make it appear likely that the company would be thrown into the hands of a receiver. The North American Company has consolidated with the Colonial Securities Company and the Southern Mutual Investment Company, of Kentucky, and is doing business now in New York city and elsewhere, as the American Reserve Bond Company. The New York *Sun* recently devoted about four columns to illuminating the method of the company's scheme. The time payment bond business still flourishes and the complaints of investors still arise in the land. The bonds don't turn out to be what the agents represent them to be. The bonds are not redeemable by the company at any time, as they are often represented to be. The State of Missouri doesn't guarantee the payment of the bonds in full, as the agents represent. The agent says one thing. The bond always says, cloudily, something quite different when it is brought to an interpretation. The surrender values never appear to be, on the company's figuring, quite what the investor was given to understand that surrender value would be. Poor people and people of moderate means put in their money and never get out what they have been led to expect. They are tricked by legal phraseology, by devices for the retirement of bonds seriatim, by the confusion as to the retiring periods and surrender values of different series of bonds. The men who run these bond companies are not financiers of standing. Their general scheme of investing the money that is invested with them is a confused muddle, and if anyone wants to take out his money, he has to proceed by tiresome and cumbrous legal methods which exhaust his patience and force him to compromise on whatever the companies want, in order to be sure of saving anything. The companies have never yet stood a suit to a finish. They have simply fought each case hard enough to force the plaintiff to accept a compromise. They always settle at a profit to themselves just before the final stage of proceedings is reached. The game is a splendid example of swindling the masses by the use and abuse of the law. It is a brilliant specimen of false representation, and the strength of the game seems to be that in each and every one of the institutions, the general scheme is backed up by powerful politicians or firms of political lawyers adept in all dilatory court tactics. The business is a gigantic graft under forms of perverted law, especially perverted law with regard to contracts. The contracts in most cases are not really contracts, for whoever signs them, in nine cases out of ten, does so in a hurry when a solicitor, who has explained the contract to be something other than it really is, thrusts it upon the victim. The great motto of these bond companies is, *caveat emptor*. Let the buyer beware! But he doesn't beware. On the contrary, he is stuffed full of deceptive "dope" and then given something quite other than what he bargains for. Nine out of ten bond investors to whom you talk are under the impression that what they have bought is redeemable in ways and at notice utterly different from the conditions prescribed by the company. The agents lie. The company hides behind small type notices in the contract that, "the company is not responsible for the misrepresentation of agents."

❖❖

THE *Republic* defends the grafting cops. Sure. Harry runs the *Republic*, and the cops learned graft-



ing under him. The *Republic* defended the race track gamblers, and Harry was their political mainstay. But a great daily paper that protects the men who robbed the panel working harlots of their stolen money is a sorry spectacle. Still it all goes as part of the scheme to keep Harry alive as a leader.

♦♦

LUCKY that Yerkes didn't get into the high insurance game with his three families to take care of. The McCurdys would have fallen from their bad eminence.

♦♦

#### A Wad For Senator Stone.

SENATOR STONE has received \$6,100 from the former proprietors of the *Kansas City Times*, as a compromise upon his suit against them for \$10,000. The Senator alleged that he invested the money on false representations made to him that certain big things were to be done and certain big interests were to be back of the paper to make it pay. The Senator went into the paper when Mr. A. A. Lesueur, formerly Secretary of State, was its managing editor. The *Times* was to be the Democratic organ in this State, but it didn't materialize as an organ or as anything else, and was finally bought and merged with the *Kansas City Star*, by Bill Nelson, a mugwump. Ever since that experience, the Senator has not liked newspapers. It was that experience that set the newspapers after Stone. As soon as he tried to get in the business, the other men in the business jumped him, particularly the *Republic*. The Senator is lucky to get out what he did, and luckier that he didn't get in deeper in the *Times*, which was a property of Wiley O. Cox and others who were afterwards mixed up in the failure, with political features of favoritism in deficit hiding, of the Salmon bank and ultimately the Wiley bank, in Kansas City. What with the big verdict gained by Sam Cook against the *Globe-Democrat* and the different verdicts gained against the *Republic* by Lee Meriwether, and this recovery by the senior Senator of this State, it seems likely that the politicians in this State are to get all the newspapers' money before long, but in the case of Stone, the result seems but fair, as he was only dragged into the enterprise on the theory that with his then great political power in the State, his interest would be a tremendous lever in prying open the strong boxes of the great corporations for the paper's profit. It was an attempt to tie Stone up with interests antagonistic to policies professed by him and by his party, and it is well that the men who got his money should be forced to disgorge the larger part of it. Judge Christman, whom Stone sued for his money, threatened, at first, to fight the case and "show up" Stone, but it seems he had nothing "on" the Senator to convict him of duplicity or of knowledge that the *Times* was to be a corporation syringe to inject anti-Bryan virus into the faithful of Missouri, under pretense of its being straight party doctrine. The compromise is a victory for Stone in a moral sense, and so it will be taken throughout the State, although it cannot be said that it is of enough weight to offset the inroads that have been made upon the Senator's popularity by the Folk movement, and the unhappy incident of Stone's being lured into the attorneyship of the Missouri Health Society, organized by the boodling Lieutenant Governor, John A. Lee, as a cover under which to bribe through a bill to destroy the State's baking powder industry, in the interest of the Royal Baking Powder trust. Stone did what any lawyer might have done in appearing as he did, but the bogus character of the client society was an unfortunate example of the fat-

## The "Sage of Slabsides" Writes of "Sonnets to a Wife"

That Paul M.

Dec 19. 25

My Dear Sir,

Accept my sincere  
"thanks for the little book of  
Sonnets. I read them all the  
day they came with keen  
appreciation. There is many a  
breath of wild nature in  
them & there is plenty of the  
good old blood of human  
love & passion. The thought  
& feeling are always tangi-  
ble & well within the  
sphere of universal experience.  
I congratulate you.

Very Sincerely Yours

John P. Fawcett

Ernest M. Gaffey Esq.

St. Louis

Mr.

uity of excessive legal acumen, especially as it was followed up by the colossal corruptionism exposed in Lee's stultiferous squeal on the alum legislation. Still Stone is not the first smart man who was taken in by a combination of knave and fool, like Lee. It seems that everybody in Missouri, except Stone, knew what Lee was. The *Times* case, with its threat or promise of danger to Stone, being out of the way, one obstacle to Stone's succeeding himself in the Senate is removed. The campaign is now on among the politicians. There are politicians not a few who hope and believe that Stone will, in time, come out all right on the score of the Missouri Health Society episode, and that Governor Folk and his friends will not be able to name the man to succeed Stone. Stone's friends will make the most of this settled case, and \$6,100 will come in handy to the Senator in Washington, who, whatever his failings, has never been oppressed by a plethora of funds. If he went wrong, as by some is averred, he has nothing to show for it like the fortunes possessed by Col. Bill Phelps and some others among his most malevolent assailants and detractors.

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UNDER whose police administration did the policemen in the panel game first begin to flourish? The *Republic* should tell us.

❖❖

SECRETARY SHAW, saying he wouldn't, nevertheless did come to the relief of the Wall street gamblers by anticipating the February interest payments upon Government bonds. This is how the money is made elastic—for the benefit of the pirates. They will proceed to use up the money at once on loans upon their flimsy counters called stocks, and Shaw will be called upon to help again. This is another case of the endless chain serving a crowd that, generally speaking, ought to be in "the chain gang."

❖❖

#### Gamblers Control.

MISSOURI'S Supreme Court has put the finishing touch upon the horse-gambling ring's domination in St. Louis politics. But the horse-gambling ring is still a strong factor in local Democratic affairs under another aspect—that of the bucket shop gambling ring. That, too, will be put out of business as soon as the police begin enforcing the law in accordance with the Governor's desires for its reinforcement. The bucket shop crowd control the Democratic City Central Committee, and is even now plotting to perpetuate itself by another direct primary, at which the Committeemen shall return themselves as elected.

❖❖

How much of the panel-workers' rake off was contributed to the election of Mayor Rolla Wells, under the leadership of the ex-police boss, beneath whose beneficent sway the police began to pal with the panelers?

❖❖

FOR the benefit of the *Republic* it may be remarked that it was the boss it fights for, not Butler, the boss it fights against, who controlled the police who had such rich graft from the panel games.

❖❖

#### Press and Quacks.

LOCAL daily papers that contained not a line about the Medical Society's crusade against the filthy advertisements of quacks, pursued the same policy with regard to a damage suit last week against a medical corporation, the head of which treated cancer with tobacco poultices and otherwise revelled in the therapeutics of an ignoramus. The advertising quack in this case was shown to be utterly unfamiliar with the

simplest principles of medicine, yet the daily papers take thousands of dollars a year from him for giving him the use of their columns to rope the suffering poor into his den and relieve them of their money but not of their pain. These poisoners, malpractitioners, who pay big rates for daily newspaper advertising, make great sums of money. They have to in order to pay the newspapers the rate exacted. That newspapers conducted by supposedly high-principled men should take money from men who make their money by swindling and butchering and poisoning people, is a disgrace to journalism. The newspapers in publishing quack advertising, are simply cappers for a gang of vultures. It is to the credit of the St. Louis *Star-Chronicle* that, before lawyer Barth began the prosecution of the quack advertisers on behalf of the Medical Society, the proprietors of that paper made a proposition to the other members of the St. Louis Publishers' Association that all such advertising be rejected. The *Post-Dispatch*, the *Globe-Democrat*, the *Republic*, all stronger than the *Star-Chronicle*, ignored the proposal. They would continue to take the advertising, even if it did mean taking a rake-off from men whose profitable specialty ranged anywhere from plain confidence games to abortionism. The *Star-Chronicle* had to agree finally to take the business, so long as the stronger papers continued to take it. Now, since the MIRROR's comment upon the Medical Society's crusade, the papers have made the medical fakirs take the filth out of the advertising. This is good as far as it goes, but it only goes far enough to show that the newspapers only comply with the written law, and have no regard for the moral law which stamps as wrong the acceptance of pay for furthering a business essentially dishonest and often murderously criminal. The papers, in touting for these medical quacks, are simply steering suckers against sharpers. They would be in no worse business if they printed advertisements of crap games, faro games, or bagnios. The newspapers comply with the law, but how do they square themselves with their consciences?

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EXIT, Blackburn of Kentucky. ENTER, Paynter. Any change there would have been for the better.

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It is a relief that the papers have let up on Herr Eduard Scharrer, of Stuttgart, and his speculative hymeneal potentialities. That gentleman appears to have forgotten his number. It is possible that it may be 23.

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#### Windy Bingham.

FROM the talk of Gen. Bingham, new head of New York City's police force, it is safe to say he is a bad selection. He twaddles ridiculously. A military martinet, loquacious and vain, is not the head for a police force dealing with three millions of peaceable citizens. Bingham—here we prophesy—is McClellan's first mistake.

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#### Nervous Restitution

MR. JOHN MCCALL is ill. "Mr. McCall," says a news dispatch, "is the fourth life insurance president who has been taken ill since the disclosures began to come out. James W. Alexander, the retired president of the Equitable, is in a sanitarium in Massachusetts; Richard A. McCurdy, formerly of the Mutual Life, is laid up at his home in Morristown, N. J.; Frederick A. Burnham of the Mutual Reserve, is ill at his home in this city. James H. Hyde of the Equitable, also is in poor health, and announced when he sailed for France a short time ago that he was

going to take a long rest." The epidemic will spread no more. It hasn't been named as yet. The MIRROR would suggest that the ailment is only a severe attack of "nervous restitution."

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AMONG St. Louis' writers of books Ollie Roberts leads all the rest. It's a great thing to leap at once into literary fame with an unpublished volume. What a chance for Andy Maroney to burst forth as a publisher of the little red book!

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WHAT'S the matter with John Thomas Brady for Chief of Police? He seems to have furnished most of the dope against the department. The palms to those who merit them.

❖❖

#### The Printers' Strike

THE printers' strike, locally, is pretty nearly over, due largely to the good management and good sense of the local printers' union, and in spite of Judge Taylor's sweeping injunction to printers to get off the earth, or that part of it circumjacent to the printeries that won't sign the scale. The eight-hour day idea is all right. It is within the province of legislation to fix what shall constitute a day's work. It is as just to fix a legal status of a day's work as to legislate against child labor. The unions may be philosophically at fault in their theory that their proper course is to restrict hours with a view to making more work for the union monopoly, and they may be blind not to see that the proper course is to encourage efficiency as developing the individual, rather than shackling the efficient to the pace of an average or rather a poor workman, but when all is said and done, God help the workingman if he were without unions and at the mercy of screws, slave drivers. Trades Union ethics are no more faulty than employers' ethics. The former have learned restriction of product and increase of price from the latter. The "unfair" list is no worse than the "blacklist." Trades unions keep agreements at least as well as the bosses do. A union boycott is no whit worse than a boycott by the Citizens' Industrial Alliance. Labor will get what it fights for—and no more. There is no other way by which it can get what it wants and should have. And the best employers are those who are readiest to grant concessions to their workingmen. Unionists are not always right, nor are employers; but the employers have all the best of the situation, in the laws, in the influence with the authorities, in control of the organs of public opinion, in resources, in the chance to recoup losses, which labor can never do, since a day's labor lost is lost forever. Unionists are right in enforcing an eight-hour day when they can, for if they couldn't, the cheap and snide employer would, before long, enforce the old ten-hour day at an eight-hour wage.

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THE New York *Sun* utters praise for Joseph W. Bailey of Texas for Democratic leader of the Senate. This is the worst aspersion yet cast upon Bailey's Democracy. It establishes that Democracy's connection with Wall street, and presumptively with 26 Broadway.

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#### Fighter Fitts

THE best losing Bob Fitzsimmons ever made was when he lost his wife, who has left him now that his prestige and prowess are gone. He can still make plenty of money to replace what she took away, because Bob has been of a somewhat better sort than any pug we have known since John L. Sullivan in his prime. Bob has been a pug, not a prig. His busi-



ness was fighting, and he "fit." That's what John L. did, between drunks. There has been no small, mean streak in him, no pretension, no faking, no posing. Therefore, though the wife has left him and taken his money, it's, after all, better than that he should have been the one who did the mean trick. May he find financial solace in a nice saloon in New York City, over which he shall preside with his ramshackle and mis-articulate grace while "reubs" stand around him reverently and throw into their faces bad booze at 20 cents a throw, the while he tells them of his olden battles. If we must have prize fighters we prefer that they should be like Lanky Bob rather than like the insufferable Corbett and the tortuous McCoy.

♦♦

MISSOURI will yet show the Standard Oil Company, now so gay and haughty in Gotham.

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ALBERT PATRICK, sentenced to hang for the murder of Millionaire Rice, is bringing a mighty pull upon Gov. Higgins of New York for commutation of sentence. The argument seems to be that Patrick is too smart a man to hang. A St. Louisan's millions are behind the pull for mercy. Well, we have seen millions used for worse purposes than mercy.

♦♦

"WHERE the government wants me to go, that is the place where I am most pleased to go," said Gen. Weston, in comment upon his transfer to a new post in the army. "As a corpse in the hands of superiors," said Loyola. The army idea and the democratic idea are not in harmony. Loyalty is the proud badge of the army, but not loyalty to the people. The lieutenant who, in a lecture the other day, said that an efficient military force was not compatible with conditions in a government by the people, was right.

♦♦

SOMETHING wrong at Panama, or the President wouldn't be so testy on the subject. It looks as if things were being premeditatedly muddled there to force the Government to turn the job over to private contract.

♦♦

WALL street is rattled over bogus Norfolk and Western bonds pledged as collateral for loans. But plenty of legitimate Wall street collateral is no better than the bogus. Regulate the issuance of "securities."

♦♦♦

## Celtic Speech.

(To Dr. Douglas Hyde.)

By Lionel Johnson

NEVER forgetful silence fall on thee,  
Nor younger voices overtake thee,  
Nor echoes from thine ancient hills forsake thee;

Old music heard by Mona of the sea;  
And where with moving melodies there break thee  
Pastoral Conway, venerable Dee.

Like music lives, nor may that music die,  
Still in the far, fair Gaelic places;

The speech, so wistful with its kindly graces,  
Holy Croagh Patrick knows, and holy Hy;

The speech, that wakes the soul in withered faces,  
And wakes remembrance of great things gone by.

Like music by the desolate Land's End  
Mournful forgetfulness hath broken;

No more words kindred to the winds are spoken,  
Where upon iron cliffs whole seas expend

That strength, whereof the unalterable token  
Remains wild music, even to the world's end.

## Two Auto Shows in Gotham.

By C. R. Burette.

NEXT week New York City will be learning all about automobiles, and there will be several thousand automobile agents in town to gather the "dope" as to the fashions and on the business for 1906. Automobile enthusiasts from everywhere will be in evidence, for there are to be two automobile shows. They will not be run in opposition to each other, but in friendly rivalry, for the automobile industry has assumed such proportions that there is no building in the country large enough to contain a single show capable of doing it justice.

For several years the automobile show has been held at the Madison Square Garden under the auspices of the Automobile Club. That club had an agreement with the National Association of Manufacturers and with the Garden management, and last year the show was so large that foreign manufacturers could not get in and they had to exhibit at another place.

The agreement has now expired and in the Madison Square Garden will be an exhibition given by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. This association is composed of those manufacturers who recognized the rights of a certain inventor and who pay royalties. The other show will be held in the new armory of the Sixty-ninth Regiment and will be under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America.

The two exhibitions are only a short distance apart. The Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory is in Lexington avenue, from Twenty-fifth to Twenty-sixth streets, and there is an entrance on Twenty-sixth street. There is an entrance to the Madison Square Garden on Twenty-sixth street also, and only one block from the armory. Therefore, when the two shows are open there is likely to be a steady string of visitors going from one building to the other to learn all that can be learned about automobiles and their accessories.

These shows will open on Saturday, January 13, and the management of each has made efforts to eclipse the other in spectacular effects. There will be foreign and domestic cars in each building.

In the armory there will be exhibitions from twenty foreign firms and in the Garden from nine. Many of the foreigners have shipped to this city exhibits that were seen at Paris last month. It is expected that the foreign cars will be the most luxurious that have ever been seen, and they will have all the latest developments of the foreign maker in automobile construction.

Luxury will be the keynote of the imported section of each show, but the American manufacturers insist that they have no fear of the foreign makers, and that they have surprises to spring on their European rivals. It is generally admitted that the American body builders are ahead of the foreigners.

There are, of course, some enthusiasts who must have an imported car at all costs, no matter what can be produced at home, but the American carriage builder led the world in the matter of lightness, strength and style in carriages, and he can do the same thing in building bodies for automobiles.

At the Armory and at the Garden cars for pleasure will be seen on the main floors. In the basement, commercial cars will be shown, and with many, this section is considered to be the big end of the exhibitions. Then, placed wherever they will fit in, will be exhibits of all the accessories, such as tires and lamps. There is no space to spare.

A man who wants to buy an automobile will have a large range of prices to study. There will be the high-priced imported machines costing \$15,000, and little runabouts that can be purchased for \$500. There will be all makes of engines, including those using gasoline, steam and electricity.

At the armory show there will be an extra attraction in the shape of airships, which will be under the auspices of the Aero Club of America. This exhibition will occupy the gymnasium, on the third floor. There will be balloons, including dirigible airships of all forms, spherical and drifting balloons, parachutes, aeroplanes, comprising gliding machines and power and tetrahedral aeroplanes. There will be lifting machines both with propellers and wings; light weight motors, meteorological instruments and pictures of flying machines in action and at rest.

There is a big boom on just now in the automobile world. Each manufacturer reports that the industry was never better.

Factories have been working full time and turning out cars as fast as possible, and with some of the more popular makes, the entire output of the year has been sold already. This does not mean that the cars have all been taken by the public, but that the manufacturers have sold them to dealers and placed them with their own agents. One big manufacturer has estimated that 80,000 automobiles have been made in this country this season, which is far in excess of any former season. This does not include the runabouts, and if the work can be completed there will be 10,000 of these little machines turned out for the season's pleasure.

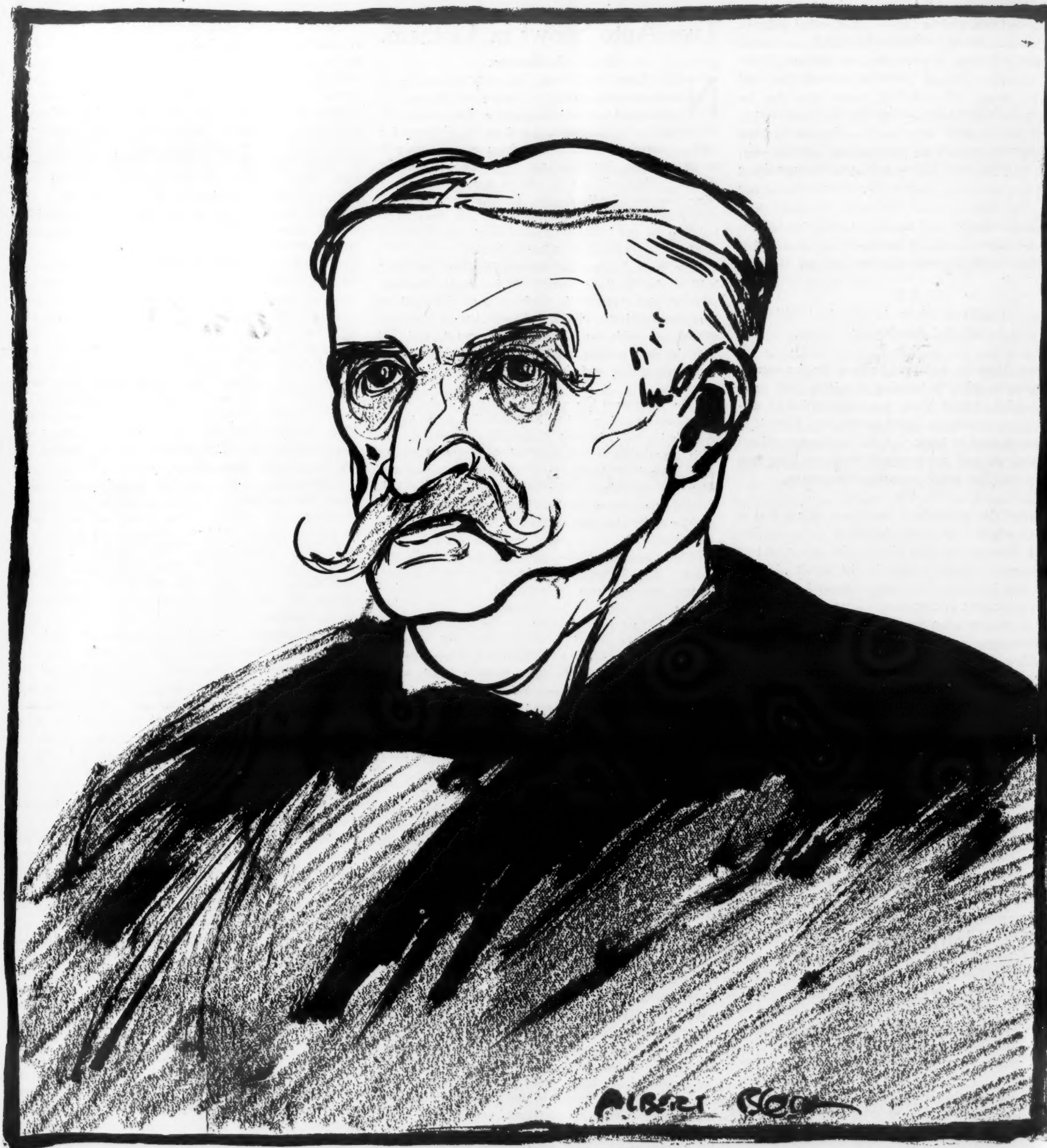
There is an endless variety in styles and bodies, from the runabout body with a seat for two to the Pullman body which will seat seven, and has a table in the center, on which the occupants of the car can play poker or eat luncheon while the car is running along. It is generally believed in the trade, though, that the most popular style will be the car with the bonnet in front, a divided front seat and side entrance to the tonneau.

Simplicity in style with perfection of details is wanted now not only in the car, but also in the motor. The average American is not a mechanic, and the makers realizing this, have made simplicity the strongest feature of the new cars. Men want cars that will climb hills, run over rough roads and get from place to place without accidents. The tendency of the motors is to the four cylinder type, and fully 90 per cent of the builders of automobiles are using four cylinder motors. There will be some machines, though, with one, two or even six cylinders, because some buyers want such engines.

The commercial part of automobiling is in the opinion of many to be the big end of the industry. It is yet in its infancy, but it is growing fast. Business men have used automobiles for pleasure for some time. They have seen that the cars can do what is wanted of them.

Two years ago, an automobilist had to crawl under his car about every ten miles to remedy some breakdown. That time has gone now, and the old joke that a man spent half of his time in the car and half out is now no longer heard. These automobilists have their own ideas about motors and are now beginning to apply them to their business wagons. The farmers, too, have been educated. Farmers in this country have more than 35,000 gas engines that run appliances on their farms. They have become educated to the gas engine and they have seen what the automobile will do for pleasure, and are now using automobile wagons. Having become converted to the automobile, they are now seeing the necessity of good roads.

There is another little machine that bids fair to become as popular in this country as it has in England, and that is the tri-car. The secret of its popularity in England is perhaps the good roads that they can run on. Being a light machine, it is not adaptable to heavy or rough roads. It is really a motor cycle, with an attachment to put on in place of the front wheel. This attachment is a seat placed between two wheels. The motorist sits in the saddle, as he would if he were driving a motor cycle, and his best girl can occupy the seat in front. These machines cost \$335, and they can run fast and for a good distance.



Kindly Caricatures No. 38

## JULIUS S. WALSH

WITH an old-time ease and politeness Mr. Julius S. Walsh presides over the Mississippi Valley Trust Company, and he puts through big deals with a real *Sir Roger de Coverly* grace. How such a kind man became a banker or keeps any money in the bank is a mystery. He's one of our real first family men, and though in the big finance game, has never become one of our "highly suspected citizens." As head of the old Franklin

Avenue Street Railway, he was an employer of labor, much beloved by his men. He was at the head of local racing affairs when racing was a gentleman's diversion. He is the financial front of the unpopular Terminal Association, but is himself the ideal of thousands of people for all the revered traditions of the business man of the time when business wasn't vulgarized and heartless. Nothing ruthless about him. While he stays in the background somewhat

in modern deals, his hand is felt strongly in all affairs, and while he speaks soft and low, he never reneges. His note even in business is elegance and poise and gentleness quite distinct from flabbiness. As a leaven of the best of old St. Louis in an institution representing the ultimate energy of the New St. Louis, Mr. Walsh is a delightful and, at the same time, an efficient survival. He has social position, well seasoned, unassailable, independent of his financial im-

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portance. His chief characteristic is a genial simplicity of manner. It is almost disconcerting to the observer for the first time, but it isn't by any means innocency of business. He is modest and somewhat pious, but not ostentatiously so, and universally and unreservedly as trusted as he seems trustful. Some-

where between "brilliant" and "solid," he rests labeled "reliable," and on him is centered a degree of popular affection seldom vouchsafed the man whose business it is to keep you from getting other people's money in his keeping.

splendid things to which Chicago rose up enthusiastically to honor and buy. Successful was the exhibition in Chicago, socially educationally; financially and artistically, and the artists feel that the reward of their labors is full of promise. The Chicago people are appreciating the Art Institute, and the Art Institute is encouraging the artists.

## The Society of Western Artists

By Frederick Oakes Sylvester

PRESIDENT ST. LOUIS ARTISTS' GUILD; VICE-PRESIDENT S. W. A.

IN the "Poetry of Life," by Bliss Carman, the author has summed up a most remarkable essay on poetry by saying that "it is hard to judge poetry," and in another essay in the same book, an essay full of deep pathos that cannot but bring tears to the eyes, he describes a poet's farewell to the Muse, as, compelled by the deafness of the world to the beautiful, he gives up Art for business in order to meet the cost of respectable living. Beset by hardships on all sides, the difficulty of mastering the most difficult of all occupations, of judging and obtaining true and unbiased judgment of his creations, and the almost hopeless possibility of getting a living therefrom, the artist has no very easy pathway to follow. Yet it is by no voice nor countenance of sorrow, resentment or disappointment that the Society of Western Artists appeals to the people of St. Louis in its Tenth Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Sculpture and Crafts at the Museum of Fine Arts. The voice is one of cheer and charm, optimistic, refreshing and practical, and the countenance is full of the freshness of youth, of vigor and of loveliness. It is the voice of men and women who have something to say that is beautiful and worth while, who have felt the goodness and love that lie deeper than the surface of things, and who have devoted years of unremitting endeavor to speak with sincerity and grace of the harmony they feel. It is the countenance of artists who rise above discouragements and poverty, above lack of appreciation or praise, above jealousy, greed, ceaseless work and sacrifice, and give to the world a look of gladness, a face of peace, a hand of brotherly, united effort to heal the blindness of the world, to stamp out ugliness and to sweeten existence.

As "the Hoosier poet," James Whitcomb Riley has touched with magic fingering the strings of melody and awakened strains of never-to-be-forgotten wistfulness, childhood memories and hidden secrets of Nature's self, so in an equal manner has another Hoosier poet and artist, J. Ottis Adams, caught the spirit of the Indiana skies, the ripple and ever changing color of the streams, the haze of lowlands and uplands, and the quiet, haunting, homelike, human sweetness of things—things good to look at and linger by, and remember always. As Riley says:

*Tell of the things jest like they was—  
They don't need no excuse!  
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does,  
Till they're all too fine fer use.*

"The Reflections of an old Mill," by Adams will, some time, be called one of our best and most representative works of American Art, and live, side by side, in the pride of our coming art life, with Riley's "Old Swimmin' Hole" and "Poems Here at Home." I congratulate its purchaser and honor and esteem its author.

Easy it is to cry out against the madness of the times, the greed and rush of commercial life, the apparent neglect of all that is fine, that makes for culture and high ideals: to talk as if we had fallen from some heaven of prosperity, some golden age of song, sculpture and lovely sights, but a more just weighing of facts will reveal to us that our work is still in a pioneer stage of progress, especially in the West. The

frontiersmen knew that hardships were to be met and overcome, and the followers of art know that years must come and go ere the flower of creative beauty will be cherished as a treasure of delight in the thought of the busy builder of railroads and streets, of bridges, of shops and stores for the manufacturing and distributing of clothing, food and tools. When leisure comes and the necessary needs have been administered to, and the machine made products have ceased to decoy us and have appeased our vanities, then the artist's and the poets' gifts will come as a balm, refreshing us and sweetening our lives.

The East a hundred years ago sent up a cry to the Maker of Men, and in an hour of great need the song of Emerson sounded sweet and courageous above the querulous voices of the multitude. The prayer, perhaps, unuttered by lip service, was nevertheless answered by the Spirit that never sleeps nor slumbers, and the prophet and poet of Concord fulfilled the promises of old. In a frame of modest proportions in the Western Artists' Exhibition is a photograph of a statue of this great seer of America, which statue is to be the property of Harvard College. It will be known as the statue of Emerson, and the name of Frank Duveneck, the first president of the Society of Western Artists, whose fame is already assured by the wonderful bronze sarcophagus over his wife's grave in Florence, will be deathless in the History of American Art.

Names of men that Time will have to struggle hard to dim are printed in the catalogue of the present exhibition at the Art Museum, and the annals of our artistic achievement will scarce be complete without them. Pictures by these men are to be found in every place of honor and every collection of merit, and to say that works from their hands, products of their thoughts, that rank with the best they have ever done, are here exhibited, is but to be just, and to acknowledge the truth. Meakin, of Cincinnati, with a brush-work virile and direct, and convincing, is at his best in at least one canvas shown here. Steele, Stark and Forsyth of Indianapolis share with Adams a worthy wreath of laurel and gives us the very essence of the beauty and peculiar local character of their home country, with well mastered power in form, color and light and shade. The North, awakened as never before in the life of the society, stands a young giant in our midst. The works of Bartlett, full of mediæval romantic feeling united with the most modern style; the works of Grover, aglow with the pulsing, thrilling sunlight and color of Venice; of Browne, breathing the crispness and tonic spirit of autumn in our own country; of Buehr, refined and harmonious in color, full of wonderful workmanship, yet unlabored, rare in sentiment and fine thought; of Clarkson, subtle, elusive, though sufficiently insistent, tonal and direct; of Clute, with their surety of brush work, depth of coloring and completeness of happy effects; to say nothing of the delightful misty moonlight of Clark, the vigorous and carefully painted sheep pictures of Mrs. Glaman, the mature figure work of Freer, natural and dignified; strong portraits by Hubbell and Ives, strong landscapes by Harper, Lorenz, Pattison, Stacey and Mrs. Stacey, form an array of

St. Louis will yet take great pride in other things than those which go to satisfy the flesh, and already has done much in the forming of the Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art, to foster the efforts of her own artists. Unfortunately, embarrassed by the destruction of the Missouri Building at Portland, the St. Louis artists, with pictures burned, statues destroyed and little insurance as a help to get together new pictures and new frames, are not fully represented in the present exhibition. Nevertheless, who shall say that Wuerpel is not at his best in his two pictures here shown? Stand before number 174, "The Pool in the Woods," and shut out the surrounding pictures with your partly closed hands to your eyes, and concentrate your attention on this one painting. Silently run over the following lines of verse, and then tell me whether you were conscious of paint and canvas, of brush and palette, as you did so.

*There's a pool in the ancient forest  
The painter-poet said,  
That is violet-blue and emerald  
From the face of the sky o'erhead.*

*So, far in the ancient forest,  
To the heart of the wood went I,  
But found no pool of emerald,  
No violet-blue for sky.*

*There's a pool in the ancient forest,  
Said the painter-poet still,  
That is violet-blue and emerald,  
Near the breast of a rose-green hill.*

*And the heart of the ancient forest,  
The painter-poet drew,  
And painted a pool of emerald  
That thrilled me through and through.*

*Then back to the ancient forest  
I went with a strange, wild thrill,  
And I found the pool of emerald,  
Near the breast of the rose-green hill.*

Wolff, strong and full of outdoor feeling, and growing more and more individual each day, has two vigorous landscapes that must surely convince any beholder of their sincerity, directness and truthfulness. A delightful little panel, and original carved frame come from Dawson Watson. Both are decorative and most happy. A good Waldeck, two excellent things from Ellsworth Woodward of New Orleans, two more than clever water colors by Gertrude Roberts Smith of the same place, a worthy and fascinating Texas range picture by Frank Reaugh, the much-admired "Pessimist" of Stoddard, three interesting pictures from Mr. Millet, "Missouri Gone Republican," and Miss Murphy of Kansas City, and a most promising landscape by Arthur Mitchell, make up a noteworthy collection for one chapter, with the addition of the choice and individual Indian pictures by Mr. O. E. Berninghaus, and three new and happy notes of color from our river front, by Louis Murtux. I cannot pass the exhibit without distinctly praising and feeling grateful for their work in sculpture and poetry. Bringhurst and Zolnay scarcely need my feeble pen to call attention to their splendid achievements in their chosen profession, but I cannot help but urge you, O people of St. Louis, to possess yourselves of the fruits of these men's labors, and not allow them to be all purchased by outsiders. The Ozark and Newcomb potteries are taking rank with the best in the world, and both are well represented in this exhibit, and many pieces have been sold already. For my own part of the work—Nos.

158 to 164—the following verses may, perhaps, speak full honestly:

*Alas! I cannot paint that wondrous green  
Of sun-kissed trees against the distant blue,  
Though it has haunted me the summer through.  
Each evening when its glory I have seen  
Beyond the veil of space which floats between  
Its loveliness and me, I've felt each hue  
Stir all my heart, yet though I constant woo,  
It holds its royal reign, a vestal queen.  
So beautiful, so subtle and so fair,  
So all sufficient and so calm, shall skill  
Or love of mine ne'er lead thee to reveal  
The secret of that loveliness? I'll dare  
Ten thousand tints so I at last may thrill  
To find my brush speaks all I see and feel.*

\*\*\*

## For the Saving of Souls

By Roberto Bracco

SISTER FILOMENA, her lips close to the grating of the confessional, began humbly:

"Father, I am not sure that I have sinned. Sometimes my conscience tells me that I have and sometimes it tells me that I have not. And when it tells me that I have not, I suffer more than when it tells me that I have."

The father-confessor did not understand. "Speak more clearly, my daughter. And tell me everything. You are so young! At eighteen one's conscience cannot be trusted. Let me judge. The Lord will give me light. Speak."

"Listen, father; this is the whole truth. Toward midnight on Monday, No. 7 in ward five, where I have been substituting for Sister Maria since I entered the hospital, received the consolations of religion. The physician on duty said there was no longer any hope. He told me that the suffering could not last long and that death would surely come before dawn."

"There will not be many paroxysms," the doctor added, 'but if you think I am needed, call me without hesitation. The other patients need no attention. They will give no trouble either to you or to me,' and he went to get some sleep."

"I had nothing to do but to administer a teaspoonful of medicine every half hour. I took my accustomed place beside the bed, and as I sat there, thinking, I began to pray for the soul that was passing."

"For whose soul?"

"For the soul of the poor man who was suffering."

"It was a man, then?"

"Did I not say so, father?"

"You spoke of No. 7, if I am not mistaken, and No. 7, my daughter, has no sex. It does not matter; go on."

"It was almost three o'clock, when, in a weak voice—I could almost hear the death-rattle—he gasped:

"Sister Filomena, it has come.' Since midnight he had lain silent, almost in a stupor."

"Courage, my brother,' I whispered in his ear; 'courage.'

"Then slowly, slowly, forcing himself to utter every word clearly, he continued: 'I am ready. It is sad to die at twenty-five, but I am resigned. And perhaps it is better so. I was alone, I was poor. I thought I was a poet, and I was nothing. I thought I was loved, and no one loved me. If I did not have you beside me now, I should die as if abandoned in a desert.'

"He was silent, and I repeated: 'Courage, my brother. God is with you.'

"After a few moments I saw that his deep, blue eyes were dim with tears."

"Will you grant me a favor, Sister Filomena?" he asked.

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"Any that I can, my brother."

"And he said: 'Do you wish me to die in peace? You wish me to die blessing Him who made me?'"

"Every good Christian should die so," I answered."

"You answered well, my daughter."

"The dying man said softly: 'Help me to do so.'"

"How, my brother?" I asked.

"Help me to cross without bitterness the threshold of the life I am leaving. Let me carry with me into the next life the memory of a kindness. Sister Filomena, have pity on a dying man. Give me—a kiss."

"A kiss!" the priest exclaimed.

"I repeated again, 'Courage, my brother; prepare yourself for the kiss of God.'"

"Well said, my daughter."

"But with failing breath he begged: 'Grant me this favor. Do you not understand, Sister Filomena, that you will be my salvation? Would you be forever weighed down with remorse? Would you have me lose my soul? Would you be the cause of my damnation?'"

"And you, my daughter? And you?"

"Father, I was frightened by those words. I reflected that, dying in bitterness, he might run the risk of everlasting damnation, and I, too, if I should be the cause. I reflected that every minute that passed death took a step toward him, and that the end must come before dawn. In the quiet room, I could hear his labored breathing. There were but few patients in the ward, and they were sleeping peacefully. The lights had been lowered. The white beds, in the dim light, looked like tombs. A great sadness came upon me. I stooped and kissed him. I barely caught the words, 'Thanks, thanks.' Then I began to pray again."

"And where did you kiss him?" The father-confessor by his quiet voice tried to conceal his anxiety, the perplexity that was troubling his judgment.

"Father, it was almost dark," Sister Filomena

answered quietly, "but I think I kissed him on the mouth."

"An imprudence, an imprudence, to say the least! I understand that it was done with good intentions, my daughter. You were moved by a sentiment of Christian piety—sublime, if you will, but mistaken—I might almost say dangerous. On the brow instead of the mouth would have been better; and that would have been sufficient to save his soul. Still, you kissed a man who was almost dead."

"That is what I said, also."

"And now that he is duly dead and buried—*requiescat in pace*—we will think no more about him."

"But, father, it is not quite so. He is living."

"Living!"

"Yes. He was in a dying condition until dawn. With the first rays of the sun came relief. The doctor, on entering the ward, could not conceal his surprise from the sick man, on whose lips there was a slight smile. He made a careful examination, gave him a hypodermic injection, and said in a low tone: 'It is strange, strange. Perhaps we shall get the better of the disease.'"

"But that is a disaster!" exclaimed the father, in dismay.

"Father, what are you saying!"

"This is a serious matter, my daughter. If you kissed a living man on the lips and he continues to live, I do not know what is to be done. With death at the door it was different. All would have adjusted itself in the sight of the Lord. But if he lives, the Divine Clemency may be seriously perplexed. Let us speak openly. We must save appearances."

After pondering a little, he questioned further. "Tell me, daughter, what sort of a man is this doctor?"

"Oh, a good man!"

"But his standing as a physician?"

"He is one of the best."



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"And how is the sick man to-day?"

"He is better."

"You are lost!"

"Oh, my God!"

"You still dare to utter his name?"

"I am a wicked sinner, father?"

"Unworthy to wear that habit!" But as Sister Filomena burst into bitter sobbing, the priest spoke less cruelly. "I cannot yet see my way clear. You told me just now that when your conscience tells you you have not sinned, you suffer more than when it tells you the opposite. How is such a contradiction possible? How am I to understand that?"

"I do not know, father. I feel what I feel, and I am confessing it to you just as it is."

"And you repent, now, of what you have done?"

"If it is a sin, I must repent."

"But do not think that I will give you absolution now. We will wait a few days. Who knows? We will see what turn the illness of this young man takes, and act accordingly. Now go. I do not wish to hear more to-day. And when you approach the bed, blush; you understand?"

"I always blush, father."

"That is well."

A few days later, Sister Filomena came again to her father-confessor.

"Well, how is No. 7?"

"I think he is much improved."

"And what do the doctors think?"

"They say that he will recover."

"My child, there is no longer any hope for you!"

"That is what I told him."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I was lost on account of him, and that if I had known that he would live, I should not have kissed him."

"And what did this healthy poet answer?"

"He answered that he did not desire my perdition, and that he, in his turn, would save my soul."

"He might have done that by dying!"

"Yes, father; and so he has sworn to me that on the day when they tell him he is fully recovered, he will kill himself for me."

This was a new complication. The priest reflected a few moments; then with an air of resignation and resolve, he said:

"On the whole, it is better to give you absolution. If that sort of a man begins to die again, we shall have to begin once more at the very beginning."

*From January "Tales."*

\*\*\*

## Blue Jay's Chatter

*My Ownest Jenny Wren:*

NOW see here, darling, be reasonable. You can't expect me to spend all of Father's money sending you quick things about Minnie when she don't know what to think herself—and off in California, to boot. Honestly, lambkin, that whole bunch has up and acted so queer and the whole Scharrer deal is so different from what we expected that nobody—including the Busches, most of all—seems to know nothin' about nobody. They stopped giving out information after awhile, just after I wrote you, in fact, but of course then the whole truth and nothing but that same became as plain as the noonday—not St. Louis noons, Jane. Jones sees to that all right—I mean Smoke Jones. This is what we know and not what we lie awake o' nights ruminating concerning which and thereby.

Minnie has up and left us, darling. It's all so lovely and romantic, don't you know, that I can scarcely eat my liver and bacon for breakfast any more, so anxious am I to get the morning papers and read the latest developments in the Busch case as it has come to be known.

Minnie stole away in the dead of night, after Gus-sie had seen her off and her maid and her private secretary and, the Lord knows who all, had got together and did the accompaniment.

They went straight to California where the Busch winter cottage, darling, is one of those small, timid, little things made of pine shingles and plaster—I don't think. Jane, it's a perfect palace and they do say as how the upholsterers and the carpenters and the curtainers and all the rest of the gang what has to come and renovate a house so that nobody can live in it for days and yet more days, aren't doing a thing to it but getting ready for Minnie's wedding. The park surrounds the palace. I don't think Minnie will be married in the park, however. It's probably too fresco—no, I didn't say Fresno—it's not anywhere near that town, Jane, but right in the very heart of Pasadena. Anyway and anyhow, we all think that Scharrer, who is still holding the fort at the Southern Hotel and talking most impertinently to reporters "over the transom, Maud," will hike out for Cal. any day, and he may even be gone while I am penning these few lines to you, dearest ducky. The general round-up of words along the subject of his fitness for Minnie and her fitness for him seem to make it a draw, Jane. And I have heard it said by responsible parties who saw them—Scharrer and Wilhelmina—together several times before this trifling incident, that they did hold hands under the restaurant tables, 'deed they did, and that it was all cut and dried long before the Belleville jokelet.

I call it downright stingy of Min. not to have a goll darned scorchin' fine wedding in this burg and just tear things wide open like the one who married the German—Von Gontard—did. Don't you recall or, of course, you don't, as you were hardly out of the nursery, dearest, were you—how they bought up whole hotels, and things, and invited all the public officials and had cards of admittance for the general public to view either the presents or the decorations

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### CONTINUES

or was it the bride's trousseau for days before the final wurrds was spoke, Jane. But maybe Min. is more timid now that she has been "down center," for so long. Scharrer says he will give her a New York flat to live in. Nice of him, isn't it? Honestly, darling, we have not had so much real live, juicy gossip in St. Louis for years as all this Minnie Busch business, and what a real jolly, out-of-sight "ad" it has been for beer.

✱

Tell you who I up and met in Scruggs' one day last week—Juliet Warner. She is the C. C. Warner's daughter—one of them—and a mighty stunning looking girl, too. They have been very anxious for a long time about C. G.'s health which has all gone wrong, and so nobody has seen so much as an eyelash of the girls for ages. Juliet had on a cracker-jack blue suit with one of those new violet confections for a hat—and my stars! but the combine was swagger! You know the Warner girls are awful pets of Helen Gould. When the oldest one got married Helen sent her an ice pitcher or something useful like that—maybe it was a set of gold-filled salt spoons which are always so handy round the kitchen, you know—but, anyhow, Helen's card was there all right, and if it didn't just curl the hair of every other woman who saw it, I'll eat crow. That was before Helen came out to the Fair and got right well acquainted with us all. When we all became so chummy that we used to swat her on the left shoulder and link our arm affectionately in hers while we told her what a cute little thing she was, why then, I say, the grandeur sort of toned down and got tarnished, as it were.

I'm so afraid Helen Gould will never marry. Just think, Jane, she will always feel perfectly positive that the man who comes a-courting is after her money and that's all, and not her own darling self. And I must say that would discourage any woman, even you'n me. But don't worry, dove. We shall none of us ever suffer such heart pangs and Jack can continue to do business at the old stand on Sunday nights, just as of yore, can he not, my angel?

✱

Somebody out in Cabanne told Mother yesterday that perfectly dear and sweet Doctor Winchester was thinking of resigning and going down South where the cotton blossoms grow. Wouldn't that be a calamity, Jane? You know he is just worshipped by his congregation and, really, the goodest man you ever heard of—and, land sakes! but what he has had to put up with in that outfit. Some terrible old lady runs the whole shooting-match out there—has done so for years and years and they're all so demnition afraid of her they can't up and speak their minds and tell her to jump her claim or something. I don't

know her name and it wouldn't be perfectly polite to mention it anyway, now that I've told you these few little things about her habits, but she sure do rule the roost—pick the choir, and the whole darned business. The only hitch to my argument is that she's done it so powerful well that nobody complained until some upstarts thought they ought to jump in and try their green-horn hands, and that was where the dear old lady person came down with both feet. Why will people try to meddle, Jane, and why can't they let well enough alone?

✱

Which, now that I'm on the subject of the clergy reminds me that some enterprising preacher who likes to be a little ahead of date and generally advertises well, is trying to get the women folks in his tabernacle to take off their hats on Sundays. He'll never do it, dumpling, at least, permanently. Some of the women take off their plumes on a Sunday evening, so I've heard, but my conscience alive, Jane, if we can't wear our best feathers to church after sitting up well into Sunday morning to sew on bows and things larger than any Mrs. Next Pew has on hers, and then wear 'em the following day to spite our lady frens, when, in the name of the Immortal Ostrich, are we going to wear 'em? The minister who has "inaugurated this new and innocent innovation" declares that hats off gives everybody a better chance to see him. Ain't he the vain thing, though? What does he suppose we women go to church for, anyway? And think of Easter, darling—think of the dreariness of Easter in that Kingshighway Presbyterian, or was it Methodist church, with no hats and nothing doing. It makes me cry all over the place fourteen weeks ahead of time.

✱

Talk about your magnifique and completely gorgeous opera cloaks, darling, you should just see the one which Nellie Anheuser (used to be Dieckriede) is sporting this winter. Saw her getting out a carriage at Faust's the other night after the show, and golly! Jane, but the cloak's a peach—all creamy yellow cloth with a roll-over collar and high cuffs of sable—the genooine article, too, if I know what's what, and the whole darned thing lined with more fur—soft-looking, fluffy stuff of white and dark. Nellie has an awfully chipper laddie on the string just now. He's big and tall and quite as yellow haired as herself and from the way he dashed round getting her out of the carriage—no, darling, she's not grown a bit thinner, if anything—oh, well, what's the use when it's the style in St. Louis to be fat—and smiled and looked the tickled-to-death part, I have a sneaking idea that the "For Rent" sign can be taken down off'n his heart and hand.

Jeanne Capen came home the other day. You know Jeanne has got so high-and-mighty Eastern the last year or so that she only tarries in St. Louis about once in a leap year, long enough to show us her stunning clothes. Jeanne wears princess gowns better than anybody, except maybe Mrs. Charlie Scullin—my conscience, ducky, but you should just see the things that bride is flaunting in our faces this winter—a new rig every night and all of 'em gladder than the last. They may talk about Alice Roosevelt's trousseau just as much as they want, but I'll bet my last red that Stella Wade Scullin can make Alice's outfit look like a second-hand store on Franklin avenue. But Jeanne—no, nothing doing yet in the matrimonial line, I guess. Jeanne has too darned happy days. She was just kitin' along the street in that big steamer auto of theirs, kind of sitting up grand and elegant and all alone on the back seat. It took a mighty heap of dignity, too, to carry off that steamer all by your lonesome, I can tell you, but Jeanne did it.

✱

Tell you who's having an awful run just now—Margaret Long. You probably don't recall who she is, and to tell the honest truth, I don't much know myself, except that she's related to the real, unadulterated, Kentucky Breckinridges in some near way and that she has heaps of the coin, Jane, which is quite the cheese in St. Louis, you know. There are more rich girls in this town as I may have mentioned to you before, darling, and some sweet day Chicago and Philadelphia are going to sit up and take considerable notice of that self-evident truth. Won't it be a sad, sad moment for nice young boys like Johnnie Robinson and Georgie Weitzel and Bobbie Burton, who has been so terribly devoted to Mrs. Don Morrison for yabs and yabs, darling, and we all wonder when—if ever—or perhaps not yet—she will murmur the tender affirmative—oh, that reminds me, I knew I had something simply grand and thrilling to tell you—but wait till I finish up the nice boys—no, that nice pink-cheeked Murphy boy isn't in this class, my angel, for he has a good stiff pile himself—and I hear the girls consider him somewhat of a catch—yet uncaught. Where was I at?

Oh yes, Margaret Long—she's the tropical, moonlighty brand, you know, wears artistic flowing gowns and looks like a portrait by Leonardo da Vinci—tries the haughty, nose-up-in-the-atmos. pose, and carries it off with a thirty-second degree of skill—on the whole, I approve of the young lady and I think she'll wear—oh, and who do you suppose is back in society looking finer'n chiffon taffeta at one plunk per yard—Gladys Greely—yes and 'tis even so. You remember how I used to rave and get all het up talking



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about Gladys—except her name which is fierce, Jane—I never could marry a Gladys, now could you, dearest?—last winter when she gave a ball and came out. But she went in with such an awful hurry nobody saw her after a few short weeks—I think somebody in the family was sick and they had to take him, it, or her—(Jane, when oh! when will a cultivated paragrapher invent some word that may be used to describe any old sex that you may have in mind) to Europe and Angelyne-Maybelle-Violet-Gladys had to go along for company. And wasn't she the goodest kind of company, too? She's got more choice tincture of hot stuff in her composition than any girl in town—and is as smart as they make 'em. I'm for the Greely kind every old time in the week—so independent and no airs and silly notions.

You recall the Dula girls and their names that end in "a" The youngest, Belva—I always wonder whether her father and mother were close relatives of dear old Belva Lockwood and if that's why they named this nice child after that—er—er—strenuous female—'pon my soul, I can't remember anything about Belva L. either, except that she used to make speeches, didn't she? And we all do that when the occasion warrants, eh, Janey? And I reckon they were good speeches or they wouldn't have made so much stir—well, anyhow, this Belva don't speak—I mean speech—except in soft syllables that just kind of melt on your left ear, as it were, and while she's not so pretty as Rina, the next older one, she's got them all—Tina and Sula and the oldest one—beaten ten New York blocks on style. Saw her sitting with the Charlie Scullins and that darling, dumpling Helene Johnson in a box at the theater, and she just handed every woman in the place a good one on the clothes proposition—all gold and expensive stuff like that—regular Queen of Sheba—you know the kind.

But the thriller that I've been a-saving for ye, me darlin', me pet—Florence Kelley, be gosh! is here!

Well, well, why don't you say something? Now, don't sit there like a wooden Indian and tell me you can't remember who she is, for I'll take that from nobody in this old town, least of all from you. Why, child alive, I wrote you reams about Florence last winter—she's the granddaughter of Mrs. Don Morrison and she swept in here one day and had things going some by the next afternoon, I can tell you—

nothing nor nobody we ever had trifling with our latch string gave us so many and such delightful sensations inside of a week as did this same Flossy bud from the East—and when I wrote you all about her doings and how interesting she was and how much we liked her ginger and how we hoped she'd stay with us forever and maybe a little longer—and you up and sent my letter to the editor of the MIRROR and he, the sassy thing, printed it verbatim and verbose, why, Jane, she just got too spunky for anything, and told him how bold and forward she thought he was and how provoked Grandma was. And now she's

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back again and let us give warm and welcome thanks, for she's come at a time when we need her—the terrible holiday aftermath with the fruit-cake taste all gone and the mistletoe dried up under the chandelier.

Florence is a life-saver, and don't you forget it. I'm going right over to call, because I hear that Mrs. Morrison may give a dinner-dance and I wouldn't be "omitted by mistake" for any amount of cold coin. Mrs. M. hasn't done a thing yet this season and—smartest hostess in town that she is—she will just about now cut in and get all the *eclat* that's coming, when the competition is over.

The young woman who was "married on the bridge at midnight" is over in Europe studying music, and Lord only knows where hubby is. It doesn't look as if they'll ever make up. The wilful minx is said to contemplate the stoige as a career.

Delicousest things in town these days are the *dejeuners a la forchette* at R. Park von Featherbed's bachelor apartments. Saw a bunch emerging thence last Saturday afternoon, and my, but the ladies were in their glad rags, one in lavender, one in black velvet, one in blue, and all of 'em pretty. Queer fellow is R. Park von Wedelstaedt, to give him his real name for once. I wonder why so many of the men are jealous of him. Possibly because he doesn't seem to have to work.

There's a hideous rumor that Gardie McKnight, that beau whom I never can class either as old or young, is at last about to succumb to Cupid. The lady who "lands" Gordie will have a good time, if she can only manage to keep him in his assumed role of an invariable "kicker." He's the most picturesque growler in town, poetical, eloquent, amusing. I see him out driving a good deal lately behind a very fat horse, and with a very pretty girl whom I didn't recognize.

We're just waiting for the completion of that house that Ned Garden is to build for hissef and his charming, vivacious wife, Edith. It's to be all to his special design. Even the bricks will be especially molded and baked for it. The lumber especially cut, and the glass especially blown. He's an architect, ye know, and a big one, and he can get all these things done to a queen's taste—that's Edith's, Mrs. Garden. Ned thinks that no house can be too fine or too unique for the Missus, and so he's simply getting up a home like Mr. Bixby gets a book specially printed and bound, just one copy, for himself. I think he's right, and Mrs. Garden sure shines anywhere, be it cottage or palace. She's as charming now as when she was a widdy and captured Ned over at French Lick, not so very long ago. You'll hear from 'em later, social-ly, or I'm no prognosticator.

No more for now. Big doings at the Woman's Club last night, but of that next week.

Mebbe I'll soon have a big divorce to tell you about. I hear whisperings, but they're not definite enough to write of—yet.

Ever thine,

BLUE JAY.

## De Flagello Myrteo

142.

**P**LATONIC Love" in Plato's thought is not the negation of Passion but its exaltation. In its modern acceptation it is a mask so cunningly contrived that it will serve equally well to disguise Love as Friendship or Friendship as Love.

143.

Love in his pilgrimage lets fall much that he would fain have borne along with him, but much also that he would not stoop to pick up.

144.

"My dear *Ianthe*!" O Love! how the pronoun devours the adjective!

## THE MIRROR

### Bon Voyage

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

**C**HILD of a line accurst  
And old as Troy,  
Bringer of best and worst  
In wild alloy—  
Light, like a linnet first,  
He sang for joy.

Thrall to the gilded ease  
Of every day,  
Mocker of all degrees  
And always gay,  
Child of the Cyclades  
And of Broadway—

Laughing and half divine  
The boy began,  
Drunk with a woodland wine  
Thessalian:  
But there was rue to twine  
The pipes of Pan.

Therefore he skipped and flew  
The more along,  
Vivid and always new  
And always wrong,  
Knowing his only clue  
A siren song.

Careless of each and all  
He gave and spent:  
Feast or a funeral  
He laughed and went,  
Laughing to be so small  
In the event.

Told of his own deceit  
By many a tongue,  
Flayed for his long defeat  
By being young,  
Lured by the fateful sweet  
Of songs unsung—

Knowing it in his heart,  
But knowing not  
The secret of an art  
That few forgot,  
He played the twinkling part  
That was his lot.

And when the twinkle died,  
As twinkles do,  
He pushed himself aside  
And out of view:  
Out with the wind and tide  
Before we knew.

—From *Scribner's Magazine* (Jan.)

145.

Would that my eyes were thine! that thou might'st see  
Thy beauty as it beams beheld by me!  
But no! thy spirit dimmed her light divine,  
Looked she abroad through other eyes than thine.

146.

It is a moot point whether it be sweeter to hear  
from lips of Love what you know, or what you do not know.

147.

The inconstant woman undergoes a perpetual metempsychosis even in this life: one never knows into what beast her soul may transmigrate next.

148.

When Tiresias recovered his original sex after seven years, the women were in dismay: for, "of a



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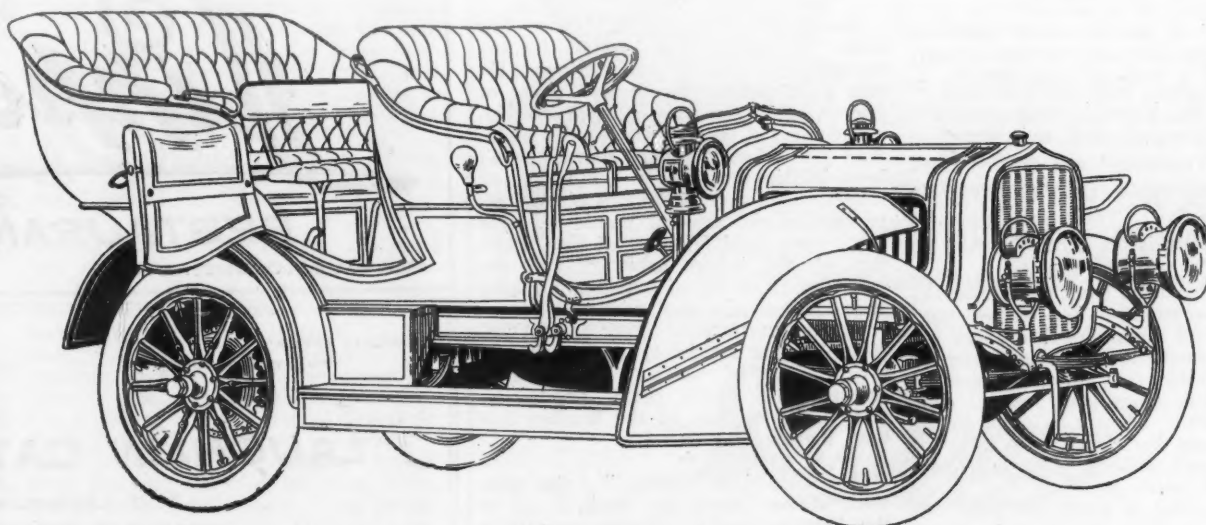
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surety," they thought, "he has the key to all our bosoms." "Fear not," he said, "for in learning to receive love as a woman, I have for gotten how to make it as a man."



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(Signed)

A. J. LESTER.

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St. Louis, Sept. 30, 1905.

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Gentlemen:—Replying to yours of the 28th, beg to say that the Pope-Toledo Car that I purchased of you last spring has been all that you represented it to be. It is a fast car, an excellent hill climber, and the expense has not been so great as on a much smaller and cheaper machine that I owned last year.

I believe I have driven the car as far as anyone over some of the worst Missouri roads, including a trip to Hannibal.

(Signed)

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Dear Sir:—Answering your favor of the 28th, wish to say that the Pope-Toledo Car which I bought from you last spring has given me entire satisfaction.

I have covered a distance of over 2,500 miles with it; used it in touring from Philadelphia to Portland, Maine, and have, therefore, given it pretty rough treatment.

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## Theatrical

*Fritz in Tammany.*

Managers of musical shows that are fiercely unmusical carry a terrific voltage of nerve. They must have it to thus brave the danger of disgusted audiences. The men who have put on "Fritz in Tammany" are of this class. They are so heroic that they deserve a Carnegie medal. Their play, which is strong in comedy, is certainly shy in music. The singing sounds, in most cases, like the noise from an over-worked saw-sharpening shop—raspy and gratey. And the songs themselves are stiff and unmelodic and unappealing. In most cases they are mere parodies of other popular songs, and are not even good as such. There's only one in the cast who can lay claim to a voice of sweetness and fullness, George Austin Moore, and there's only one song in the fifteen sung that is worth the paper it's printed on. Mr. Moore and chorus sings this number, entitled, "I Don't Want a Little Canoe," with much feeling and melody. Stella Mayhew would be a superb hit, if her voice wasn't so spiney, for she undoubtedly is a clever leading woman to Mr. Cawthorn. She plunges into the comedy with the vim of a Dressler, and always emerges smiling. Her singing unquestionably is on the "blink," but one forgives a whole lot of poor warbling to see the delightful character impersonations, which she interposes in her song. "I'm a Woman of Importance." This is a small but a most desirable bit of mimicry, and Miss Mayhew rings in the changes in her usual artistic manner, leaving no hitch.

She's quite as entertaining at all times as Mr. Cawthorn. So is Ada Lewis, who plays the part of manicurist, wears ridiculous costumes and says ridiculous and spicy things on a whole lot of topics, notably matrimony and manicuring. Miss Lewis' only defect seems to be lack of voice. At times it's hard to hear her half way back in the audience.

Mr. Cawthorn gets the best of support from all. The Irish character, *Pat McCann*, a Tammany leader, is well taken by Mark Hart, who gives a lively picture of the successful district captain. Julius M. Tannen, another politician, but of a different stripe, also does some very capable acting—comedy of an incisive and penetrating character, when he endeavors to embellish the vocabularies of the new German Tammanyite alderman (Mr. Cawthorn), and the district captain, *Pat McCann*, (Mr. Hart). Their struggle with his English words and French idioms is among the most laughable of the situations. As often as they fail the intrepid posted chap returns to the game with fresh puzzles. Grant Bellyne shows unmistakably to the good as the millionaire who descends to life in New York's East Side, in order to capture his actress charmer. The others in the cast haven't any heavy drains on their talent.

Mr. Cawthorn furnishes a refreshing change in German comedy. He's quite unlike all his confreres, both as to manner and speech. There's a flash of Emmet evidenced in his musical work, when he sings his "bogey" song surrounded by a score or more of little children.

"Fritz in Tammany Hall," as the title indicates, is based on politics, *Fritz's* election to the New York Board of Aldermen. Incidentally he falls in love with a "widder," so that between his political aspirations and his love affairs he becomes a mighty busy man, about whom fun of all kinds is constantly playing.

The piece is well staged, has an able chorus, and a distinct feature is a cosmopolitan bunch of youngsters who show their capabilities on a number of occasions. The leader, Master Eli J. Brouillette, takes a speaking part, and

otherwise makes a good impression on his auditors.

Harry Hermesen, the St. Louis boy with "The Royal Chef," hasn't, by any means, worn out his welcome here. He was greeted by a big house full of friends when the show opened its fifth engagement at the Garrick Sunday night. And Mr. Hermesen proved that he hasn't been idle in the interim. He has put into his part a good deal of ginger, especially in the musical numbers. He takes some hard falls out of Gov. Folk, the lid, the bridge arbitrary and the police grafters, all of which are loudly and continuously applauded. The others in the cast are as clever as of yore. Miss Darling especially scores in her caricaturing of stars. The chorus features also retain their popularity, though the number of the broilers has been materially reduced.

"Breaking Into Society," the new show at the Grand this week, is all in the Morton family. Nearly everything that's good is done by a Morton. There are four of them, father, mother, sister and brother, a genuine family aggregation, and they give this breezy musical farce a go that puts the speed limit far in the background. The elder Morton is one of the best impersonators of Irish character, has a laughable Celtic role in which he scores a big hit. Paul Morton, a graceful dancer, fair singer and promising comedian, also does some excellent work. The daughter, Clara, perhaps is next to her "pa" in talent. And she has 'em all "skinned" on looks. She sings, dances and does everything allotted her, and does it well. There is quite a collection of pretty girls in the Morton show and they sing sweetly, dance gracefully and present, besides, a number of pretty stage pictures. Miss Maud Poole is deeply amusing in the role of prima donna and makes a pretty *Senorita* in the Spanish dance scene.

"Marching Through Georgia," a military drama, based upon the love of a Northern soldier for a daughter of the Confederacy, is playing at the Imperial this week. It is one of the better, saner class of melodramas, not attempting the impossible, but telling a pretty story, and telling it well. It is ably produced also. In the company are several clever actors and actresses. Miss Grace Hopkins is a most pleasing and convincing heroine, while Albert McGovern as *Col. Warren* and H. R. Zahner as an overseer on a plantation, are equally clever. In fact, all the parts are well taken, and the entertainment is enjoyed by the Imperial patrons.

The Parisian belles opened a week's engagement at the Standard yesterday presenting two sterling burlesques, "The Sultan's Wives" and "The Girl from Manila." The latter is particularly attractive. The specialties done by Morris and Burns, comedians; Sutton and Sutton in "the rube and the soubrette" sketch; Sam J. Adams and the Mound City quartette, who are singing several popular ditties, are in line with the high standing of the rest of the show. The two burlesques furnish fun galore.

The production of Franz von Suppe's delightful comic opera, "Boccaccio," next Sunday night at the Odeon, is the most pretentious thing the Heinemann-Welb Stock Company have done this season. Not only in point of scenic investiture, a big chorus, and an augmented orchestra, but in the disposition of the principals, the task is almost herculean; yet it is not too great to be approached confidently by the clever workmen and work-women of the present stock. In the first place, nearly all the members of the stock company are singing, as well as dramatic, artists, and those who are



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especially engaged for vocal work are way above the average degree generally found in a stock company. The expense connected with the production of such an operetta is large, and can only be adequately met by a full house. Anglo-Americans have probably never seen "Boccaccio" produced in the manner in which they will see it next Sunday, since the days of Marie Geistinger, at old Pope's Theater. Hedwig Raberg, who sang the part of Fiametta then, afterward appeared in "Boccaccio," but only in the East. Both Geistinger and Raberg are dead, and there has been no late sensational "Boccaccio" in this country. Emilie Schoenfeld, by reason of her vocal qualifications and her personal pulchritude, will give both her predecessors an argument, which will not be in her disfavor. The operetta will be given with the following cast: Giovanni Boccaccio, Emile Schoenfeld; Pietro, Prince of Palermo, Hans Kissling; Scalza, barber, Max Hanish; Beatrice, his wife, Frida Kahle; Lotterighi, cooper, Fritz Beese; Trabella, his wife, Tina Dobers; Lambertuccio, grocer, George Heinemann; Peronella, his wife, Marie Wilhelmi; Fiametta, their adopted daughter, Johanna Bindbeutel; Leonetti, Ernst Robert; Tofano, Magda Dennis; Chichibio, Clara Behne; Guido, Ada Frank; Piatto, Ida Lange; Riniero, El'a Zolle; Federico, Marie Fett; An Unknown, Ludwig Lindikoff; Majordomo of the Duke of Tuscany, Leopold Jacobi; A News-vender, Gustav Hartheim, and Marietta, Helene Frehde.

"All in One Night," or "A Terrible Mix-Up," a pretentious two-act musical piece, full of bright lines and sparkling music, and presented by a company well balanced and able, is the chief feature of the Gayety bill this week. The City Sports are the burlesquers presenting the comedy. Specialties are introduced during the musical piece's production. Among the capables in the cast are the Misses Stanley, Josie Le Coy and Flossie Gaylor, Matt Schaefer and Dave Hilton.

## Coming Attractions.

Next week, commencing Monday night, the Century will put on a drama, which will then have made its first appearance west of the Mississippi. "The Shepherd King," that is its name, is a spectacular Biblical play and it makes special appeal to a large number of persons who are seldom, if ever, seen in a theater. The piece is three years old, but has been exclusively toured in the Eastern cities. Wright Lorrimer, an ambitious, original, successful young actor will take the leading role and will have, it is said, a good supporting company.

"The Rogers Brothers in Ireland" are coming to the Olympic next week and will open their specialty-comedy engagement Sunday night. John J. McNalley is responsible for them being "In Ireland." He wrote the play.

The Garrick will offer a sprightly, jolly and surely pretty and funny musical show next week, "Happyland." De Wolf Hopper, the man with the comic legs, whose fun making is always wholehearted, will take the leading part. Those behind him in the cast include some of the best known stage folks. "Happyland" has been a great success in the East and on this road tour. The engagement here will commence Sunday night.

"In Old Kentucky," a popular drama that has become quite familiar with St. Louis theater-goers, will be produced at the Grand next week, commencing with a Sunday matinee.

Lottie Williams, one of the big favorites of the melodramatic stage, comes to the Imperial next week in an entirely new play, "My Tom Boy Girl." The piece is given every credit for merit. There is an equal mixture of pathos and comedy, and an able and good company is presenting the play.

"The London Gayety Girls," one of the big organizations of the burlesque stage will give a week's performance



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"The High Rollers," a burlesque

company composed of capable performers, will be the Gayety attraction next week. They will present an excellent specialty bill and a farce or two. There are several well known burlesque comedians in the company.

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### Letters From the People

OUR ART SOCIETIES CRITICISED.

St. Louis, January 6, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I read something in your paper some time since about a Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art. As I understand it that society works in conjunction with the Artists' Guild. It is to buy one or more pictures by St. Louis artists each year. The pictures are to be only such as are painted by the artists who are members of the Guild.

This is rank chauvinism, parochialism. It is well-meaning, but—

Art is of no country, no city. Why limit the purchase of pictures to those of St. Louis artists, and why shut out artists not in with the Artists' Guild? There are no artists who are not of the Guild, says some one. Oh yes, there are. There's one mighty good St. Louis artist—that's Eichbaum—who's not a member of the Guild. I don't know and I don't care why he isn't, but granting that he can paint a picture, why shouldn't this Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art buy it?

What must we think of an art-loving society that has a constitution so framed that it couldn't, if it suddenly desired to, or felt able, buy a Corot, a Verbeekhoeven, a Thaulow, an Israels, a Henner, a Roybet, if one happened along and was offered at a price within the Society's and the Guild's reach?

I was at one of this society's blow-outs and I saw a Stoddard sold for \$6 that was worth at least \$60 while a Berninghaus went for twice as much as the Stoddard. I know that there are good Barnsleys for sale in St. Louis; why doesn't the Society buy them? Why didn't the Society gather in one of the recently exhibited Wimars?

The Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art should be the Society for the Promotion of Art in St. Louis. You see the difference? That would let the Society buy any art work of any one from anywhere, not shutting out St. Louisans. We could then possibly have some fine works from the brushes of others than St. Louisans in our schools, public library or City Hall. It would be worth while if the Society could venture abroad and buy some masterpiece. It might even buy up some pictures by St. Louis artists who had to leave the city in order to live: Chase, Howe, Cornoyer, Mrs. Macmonniets—if she paints or sculps now.

The Society is a good thing, but it should be broadened. Ditto as to the Artists' Guild.

St. Louis artists should be broadened. They should not be jealous of the success of St. Louisans, as they are of Mr. Miller whose work was so honored in Paris, and is commanding such high prices here. The Post-Dispatch prizes for art work are a boost for local aestheticism for which that paper and particularly its managing editor, Mr. George S. Johns, deserve much applause. Julius Strauss deserves well of his townsmen for fostering the poultry painting of Mr. Harney. I believe that some are awakening to the painting genius of Frederick Oals Sylvester, and I'm sure Edmund H. Vuerpel is a sort of impressionist who will one day be as famous as the Glasgow schoolmen. Poor von Salza had to leave here, while our rich men gave big prices for the work of the Norseman, Zorn. I'm in favor of buying the pictures painted by St. Louisans. But I believe that it would be more in the proper spirit of art to enable the Society for the Promotion of Art to buy good pictures wherever or by whomsoever painted.

The Society's existence, the Artists' Guild's existence proves the existence here of an art spirit. I complain that it is not catholic enough. It seems to

me that the Society is formed to create an impression that it is a sin against art in St. Louis for anyone to purchase a picture from a St. Louis art dealer. It looks that way, very much that way. I know that there are often shown here collections of pictures by world famous men that we never hear about, that the Society's membership and the Artists' Guild membership seem to unite their individual frostinesses into a large solidity of congelment in order to freeze down and out these exhibitions by local dealers. There is at times more education in art to be gained from the canvases on the walls of dealers in this city than from all that has yet been said or done by the Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art and the Artists' Guild. I think the two organizations should work with the dealers, not against them, and that St. Louis art would have a better chance to sell at good prices if it were exhibited where the few art purchasers go to see and buy the works of the masters of the brush from the studios of Paris and Rome and Brussels and Amsterdam.

ONE WHO BUYS PICTURES.

❖

CONCERNING HEINE.

Abilene, Kan., January 3rd, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Where may I find articles that will enable me to contrast the characters of Heine and Edgar Allan Poe?

P. J. DILLERD.

[There are two excellent essays on these poets by Michael Monahan in his book "Benigna Vena." Address him at Cranford, N. J., care the Papyrus.—Ed. MIRROR.]

❖

ST. LOUISAN IN BOSTON.

Boston, January 2nd, 1906.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

I am here in Boston—this Monumented Past. Say! Boston died years ago—the Hub is now a fascinating cross between Erin and Italy—breeding a race of pink-skinned, bronze-haired, black-eyed women that will tear hearts out by the roots in another generation or two. Some of them not so far from that point now; on sunny mornings a man under forty has need to wear smoked glasses while the procession of the office girls goes by. Once, 'twas said, Baltimore led in pretty girls, though that meant, I suppose, pretty aristocrats. Later, St. Louis had the honor. But for pretty girls of the working classes, me for Bosting, cold roast, sacred codfish, the common and all. But say, again! Boston hasn't got a paper as good as the MIRROR, which is strange seeing the prevalence here of the Irish. Rah for Boston!

F. P.

❖

A FLOURISHING EVIL.

St. Louis, January 1, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Have the police authorities given up all idea of stamping out hand-book-making or is their attention nowadays entirely devoted to squealing on each other in the panel graft scandal? In the the palmy days of old Pool Alley betting on horse races wasn't any brisker than it is in St. Louis to-day. In nearly every saloon, billiard hall and cigar store book-makers or their agents have established themselves, often without the owner's consent, and there they solicit bets all day and part of the night. It is more demoralizing now than ever. The employe of a commercial house can make his bets in any of a half dozen places and there will be no suspicion aroused. The season hasn't been any too profitable for a large majority of the bettors, and if there isn't a big crop of defalcations resulting it'll be a wonder. Merchants generally complain of

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In Our \$5.00  
Line Of

# MEN'S SHOES

You Take  
Them Now

## \$3.95

Previous to our February Stock-Taking we have reduced 12 lines of Men's \$5.00 Shoes to \$3.95, made up from fine enameled leather, French calf skin, box calf and gun metal—all this season's make. Styles—button and lace.

If you need Winter Shoes you can't afford to miss this genuine bargain.

Men's and Boys' Hockey Shoes for Skating.

# SWOPE'S

311 N. BROADWAY.

### The Bensonizer

Treatment is opposed to drugging the stomach, because throat, bronchial or lung trouble, cannot be cured in that way. Treatment must be applied direct to the affected parts. The Bensonizer is doing wonderful work every day. Call at the office and read the letters from persons who have been cured. Seeing is believing. The Bensonizer is strictly a home treatment for

Bronchitis, Catarrh,  
Asthma and Consumption

Do not despair because other remedies have failed. The Bensonizer has cured scores of chronic cases—why not yours? All we ask is an investigation. Call and receive free examination and trial treatment, or write for our 64-page, illustrated book, free on request. You can be cured in your own home.

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IN CHILDREN

THROAT Consultation Free  
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For further information, call on or address

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921 Star Bldg., 12th and Olive Sts.





### A Little Ante-Marriage Advice.

Love may be blind, but the wedding guests have both eyes wide open.

Of all the events of your life, the one occasion where every little detail of your attire must—absolutely must—be correct is your wedding.

We have a little book here (a copy free to you) that not only gives an accurate guide for correct dress on any or all occasions, but also makes some strong claims in regard to our Dress Suit, Tuxedo and Frock Suit tailoring. Then we are ready to prove to the last letter every single, solitary tailoring claim that that booklet makes.

MacCarthy-Evans Frock Suits and Tuxedos, \$45, \$55 and \$70. Dress Suits, \$50, 60 and \$75.

### MacCARTHY-EVANS TAILORING CO.

320 OLIVE STREET,  
Opposite which is the Post Office, and  
in which are Phones Main 5175,  
Main 5176 and B300.

**This is the  
powder that's  
"Best for the teeth"**



bad business and this is one of the principal causes of it. Many gent's furnishers will tell you they have even had quite a time getting their stocks of winter underwear on sale. This is another result of the hand-book betting. Gambling is the only vice that'll prompt a devotee to go improperly clothed. I think Mr. Maroney, Mr. Sager and Chief Kiely ought to get busy on this hand-book business.

FLOORWALKER.

### AN OPPORTUNITY.

St. Louis, December 27th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The Columbian Club has an opportunity. It should annex the lot adjoining on Vandeventer avenue. At present this lot is polluted by tin cans and debris. It is not a pleasant foreground to gaze on from club windows. Besides, the club needs this space to give just the right architectural balance to their building, which is dignified and altogether creditable, and worthy of the approach that would thus be added.

Another building at that corner, say an apartment house, would entirely destroy the vista. By the way, this is the best vista in town (and we haven't any to spare). We are hearing and talking so much these days about the city beautiful, it would be too bad to let this opportunity pass away from us.

The Columbian Club has an opportunity, in dollars. The annexing of this lot would add fifty per cent to the value of the property. The Club is composed of wealthy and shrewd business men. Will they let this opportunity slip away from them—to add to the intrinsic value of their property, and incidentally to beautify the city? We hope not.

R. P.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I want to ask you what county St. Louis is in, if in any, and why it is, or why it is not in any county.

R. J. ROBINSON.

[St. Louis is not in any county. It is of itself a division of the State. The State contains 114 counties and the City of St. Louis. This is thus because the State gave St. Louis the distinction and allowed it to frame a special charter for itself, to enable self government here. It is exempt from some provisions of law and enjoys some special privileges as a city under a law classifying cities. It is a city of the first class. St. Louis' police force, however, is under State control, though the city pays the bills; its beer and coal oil are inspected by State officials; its elections are regulated by a State board of Election Commissioners. It has special forms of taxation not authorized in other subdivisions of the State. All this is as it is because the people of the city wanted it that way and the people of the State had no objections. There is a St. Louis county but it is absolutely distinct from the City of St. Louis. St. Louis is a free city so far as concerns its own plan of government and taxation, though, of course, State taxes are levied on its property. ED. MIRROR.]

\*\*\*

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

**"FLOOR-SHINE"**  
ENAMEL FLOOR COLORS

## Exceptional Advantages In Buying Suits and Overcoats.

THERE is much of interest in our Semi-Yearly Clearing Sale this season. The exceptional advantages presented are inviting to the man who aspires to correct dress.

Aside from the distinctive models offered, there is a divergency from the ordinary and a marked saving.

An important requirement is the identification of style and the assurance of correctness in each apparel.

The prices you can judge by the following, but the qualities can only be judged by personal investigation.

### Men's Suits and Overcoats.

Men's Suits and Overcoats	\$12.75
formerly \$18 reduced to..	
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Men's Suits and Overcoats	\$18.75
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Men's Suits and Overcoats	\$24.75
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Agents for Knox Hats.

**Werner Bros.**

The Republic Building,  
On Olive Street at Seventh.

**Noonan-Kocian Co.,**

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DEALERS

IN

**WORKS OF ART**

Special Exhibition of Modern Paintings.

A pure beer can't help tasting better than others, and is certainly more wholesome. A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer is guaranteed to be absolutely pure, and free from all "doctoring." Order from the American Brewing Co.

One feature of the A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottle beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and Pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.



### The Stock Market

Wall street continues bullish. Stocks are going up, and cannot be kept down with a club, it would seem. All pessimistic talk is at a tremendous discount. The money-rate scare is subsiding among the rank and file of traders. Rates are lower, for the nonce, and that suffices. No one cares about what the near future may bring. Prices are rising, prosperity is rampant, and that shows that this is a bull market, and that everything is all right. This is the sort of syllogistic reasoning which is now very popular in Wall street. Every break is promptly followed by a renewed outburst of buying. Commission houses are in better humor. They report enlarging orders from their customers. The past week's performances were remarkable in a way. The frantic buying in Union Pacific, Sugar Refining, General Electric, Westinghouse, Reading and Steel issues stimulated the whole list. It more than offset all the bad feeling caused by the ominous words of warning uttered by Mr. Schiff, the eminent banker.

Schiff tried to point out the evils of our currency system's inelasticity. He talked impressively about panics and things of that sort. When Wall street was informed of the banker's grave warning, it hastened to sell stocks at falling prices, the declines in a few instances being more than respectable. The day after, however, the old optimism came back, and prices were again lifted according to well-approved stock-jobbing methods. Union Pacific common gained about five points within an hour or so, Sugar simply boiled, and Reading common performed its ancient dazzling tricks again. "The House of Mirth" in Wall street was again in session.

The professionals are now disposed to ridicule Mr. Schiff's words. Instead of raising a scare, the banker merely raised a laugh. Money has dropped back to 4 and 5 per cent, and the average trader believes the worst has passed.

There's no reason to take Mr. Schiff and his talk very seriously. What he said was more than a twice-told tale. Every time the bulls celebrate orgies in stock speculation, our currency becomes inelastic. It was so two and three years ago, and it was so six years ago. If our "eminent bankers," who now talk so wisely and so solemnly about financial perils, had exercised ordinary conservatism last summer and fall, this inelasticity of our money system would not have recurred to plague us at an inconvenient hour. If a rate of 125 per cent is a disgrace for a civilized country, as Mr. Schiff puts it, the disgrace is the result, mostly, of the culpable *comblaisance*, the conniving greed of New York banks making a specialty of Wall street loans. Who advanced the money to millionaire swashbucklers and highbinders some months ago, when Reading, Smelting, Tennessee Coal and Iron and Sloss Sheffield (to mention only a few instances) were being "cornered" in an outrageously flagrant fashion? The "pools" who engineered the *coups* paid well for the financial accommodation extended by the banks, and they, therefore, had no trouble in securing the needed funds. Any man of ordinary common sense and the least bit of experience in financial affairs could have foreseen six months ago that money would be tight. There was, by the middle of last August, plenty of evidence to warrant predictions of a money pinch. The bankers certainly are no asses in matters of this kind. Therefore, it must be assumed, perforce, that they advanced towards the peril with wide-open eyes, and actually intensified it, in defiance of all rules of sound banking, by advancing to crazy speculators all the funds asked for. For this reason, it ill behooves them, at this time, to play the baby act, and to throw

blame for all the existing dangers upon the broad shoulders of the government. The "uncovered note" currency of Mr. Shaw, which, by the way, is a dangerous device and susceptible of infinite abuse, would have no more effect as a prophylactic for panics than has water thrown upon the back of a duck. Besides, Messrs. Shaw and Schiff should remember that about \$102,000,000 was added to our currency media in the past year.

Mr. Schiff was right in stating that other civilized countries never see such prodigious money rates as we are afflicted with every few years. But he was all wrong in regarding such enormous rates as the outcome, merely, of inelastic currency. He should know, and does know, that but for devil-may-care, precipitous bull speculation in Wall street, such a rate as 125 per cent would not have been recorded. If England, Germany and France, even when in the midst of great prosperity, manage to keep things on an even keel at rates below 10 per cent, it is simply because they are never in the throes of such speculative crazes as we have been, and still are, witnessing in Wall street. When German stock exchanges were, a few months ago, threatened with wild, hysteric bull markets, the officials of the Imperial Bank gave timely warning of coming danger, and plainly stated that they would not advance any more funds to bull speculators. The official discount rate rose to 6 per cent, stocks began to waver and then declined quite sharply. No grave disturbances occurred, however. Money never went beyond 8 per cent in the open market. This was the right sort of action on the part of bank officials. Why shouldn't the banks of New York adopt the same method whenever conditions foreshadow trouble in the money market?

Last Saturday's bank statement was a bad one. It showed surplus reserves almost wiped out. The surplus now stands at the lowest level for twenty-five years for the first week of January. It is admitted that the position of the banks will soon grow stronger. Whatever improvement may take place, however, will hardly suffice to sanction a continuation of the bull saturnalia. Gold exports may have to be put up with before long. About \$2,000,000 left us lately in response to South American demands. The Bank of England's ratio of reserve to liability is extremely low, being less than 30 per cent at this writing. The Berlin financial position shows little improvement, and the Russian rouble's value is menaced by the exports of gold from the Imperial Bank to Berlin, the Russian shipments, in the past two weeks, amounting to more than \$100,000,000. The Moroccan *impasse* is not liked by careful observers on the other side. It may lead to serious complications. The possibility of a clash between Germany and France was responsible for heavy selling lately in the London, Paris and Berlin markets.

#### Local Securities.

Locally, things speculative have been rather quiet in the first week of the new year. Excepting the street railway issues there was no aggressive buying demand in any direction. Buyers and sellers seem to be getting closer together, however. In some of the bank shares moderate declines occurred on scattered realizing sales. It remains true, however, that there's no selling pressure worth speaking of. Holders continue confident of their position. They are disposed to look for sharp advances within the not distant future. There's a growing inclination among the more speculative element to nibble at medium-priced industrial shares, such as Beatrice Creamery, Central Coal and Coke, National Candy and Cotton Compress. The feel-

H. WOOD,  
President.

RICH'D B. BULLOCK,  
Vice-President.

W. E. BERGER,  
Cashier.

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CORNER FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES.

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MISSOURI TRUST BUILDING

Capital: \$3,000,000

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Financial accounts of Bankers, Firms, Corporations and Individuals solicited.

High grade Bonds bought and sold.

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Investment Securities a Specialty . . . . .

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Lincoln Real Estate & Building Co.  
OF ST. LOUIS.

Consolidated Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds

Dated April 1st, 1905. Due April 1st, 1935.

Interest payable October 1st and April 1st, at the office of the trustee, the

MISSOURI-LINCOLN TRUST CO.,  
ST. LOUIS.

Special Circular on Request.

ing on the last-named is particularly bullish.

United Railways common, after rising to 45, dropped back to 44 3/4, and then rallied again to 44 1/4, at which the last sale was effected. The stock is still firmly held. Higher prices seem to be in order for it. The preferred moves dully between 86 1/2 and 87, with offerings small. The 4 per cent bonds are steady at 88 1/2.

Bank of Commerce may be bought at about 347, and Third National at 323. There's no urgent demand for either of these stocks. Missouri-Lincoln is quoted at 140 1/2 asked. Mercantile is 390 bid, 392 asked, and for State National 203 is asked, with no bids at this writing. It is stated that Mr. Lorraine F. Jones will be elected this week as President of the State National Bank, to succeed the late Charles Parsons. Two new directors are also to be elected.

St. Louis Union Trust is selling at 38 1/2, with transactions on a small scale. Title Guaranty is firmer, the last sale being made at 70 1/2. This stock is regarded as a good purchase by knowing ones. A lot of 20 Boatmen's Bank

**Holiday Times  
Are Over**

It's get down to business again; and wouldn't it be more business-like to open a checking account paying 2 per cent interest. Pay every bill by check, saves time—each check a receipt and you'll keep exact account of all expenditures.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,  
\$8,500,000.00

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VALLEY TRUST  
COMPANY**  
FOURTH & PINE



## GAS FOR HEATING

Is a comfort, a saving in time, labor and money and perfect satisfaction to every user.

Kill the chill of the morning and evening by the cheerful heat from

## A Gas Grate



**Price, \$8.00**

PAYABLE \$1.00 MONTHLY.

Fitted to beautify the fireplace. Convenient, clean and durable. Instantaneous heat upon ignition. Thousands are daily giving comfort in St. Louis homes. Order one now.

Delivered and Installed FREE.

**The Laclede Gas Light Co.**

716 LOCUST STREET.

## Judge & Dolph Drug Co.

515 Olive Street. St. Louis.

Would call the attention of Smokers of clear Havana Cigars to their representation of some of the highest class factories:

Solace—Geo. W. Nichol's (Key West).

El Wrisberg—Geo. W. Nichol's (Key West).

Los Lomas—Geo. W. Nichols (Key West).

Y Pendes & Alvarez—A full line from this old and famous house.

Lopez & Storm's—Lord Temple Imported Cigars—Bock Rectiprocity, 10 cents.

Bock Panatela, 2 for 25 cents. Carolina Perfecto, 20 cents.

The acquisition of all the brands formerly carried by the "Wrisberg Shop," added to those already carried, enables Judge & Dolph to offer patrons a stock of unequaled attractiveness.

**HERBERT C. CHIVERS**  
ARCHITECT  
HIGH CLASS WORK  
319-320-321 MAINWRIGHT BUILDING  
KIMBACH & CO. BELL MAIN 1024 M

sold at 262½ a share. American Credit-Indemnity may be bought at 174½.

National Candy first preferred sold at 98¼ and 98 latterly. For the 2d preferred 76 is asked, and for the common 9½. Cotton Compress sold at 57 the other day. For St. Louis Transfer 60 is bid, 80½ asked.

Money is in good demand in St. Louis, with rates firm at 5 to 6 per cent for time and call loans. Drafts on New York are higher, being 20 premium bid, 30 premium asked. Sterling exchange is steady at 4.86½. Berlin exchange is 95.20, and Paris 5.17.

### Answers to Inquiries

Reader, Macon, Mo.—Yes, would recommend holding Pressed Steel common, but protect yourself with stop-order. Equipment orders very large and dividend prospects improving.

W. H.—Consider Missouri, Kansas & Texas second 4s promising investment at 90. Republic Iron and Steel common should work higher. Stock looks low, compared with the preferred.

T. F., Jacksonville, Ill.—Would hang on to International Paper common. Stock appears to be cleverly manipulated. May shoot up any day.

♦ ♦ ♦

### A Home of Health and Pleasure

While it is the oldest city in the United States and generally regarded more as an exclusive health and pleasure resort than a thriving commercial city, San Antonio is now one of the busiest marts of the great Southwest Empire. It is seldom that a health and pleasure resort enjoys at the same time permanent advantages as a commercial center. Business and the task of seeking health and pleasure do not mix as a rule because the seekers of the latter are generally striving to get as far away from business, their own or others, as possible. However San Antonio differs from other resorts in this respect. Its commercial aspects and affairs are never in contact or conflict with the pleasure and health-seeking features. The city is clean and the air wholesome and its great and growing business is conducted without any annoyance to residents or tourists and with scarcely any defacing or befouling of the city. It's quite an advantage to the health-seeker to know that he can go to San Antonio, embark in business or secure employment thus enabling him to become a permanent resident of the city whose waters and stable climate and healthful atmosphere are of such great lasting benefit.

Rich as San Antonio is in the agencies of health, the wonderful springs and air, it is doubly so in historical lore. San Antonio, practically the cradle of America, the first settlement was also the cradle of Texas independence. Within its confines and throughout its suburbs are many old, time and element-scarred structures which were reared by the early Spanish colonists and the walls and courts and naves of each tell some individual story of war, of romance, love or tragedy. All of these old structures were built with the feudal idea uppermost in the minds of the colonists and their leaders. The imposing Cathedrals were at once houses of worship and castles of refuge in case of attack. In many of these are still to be seen the rich evidences of the civilization of those days, the artistic interiors being in bold contrast to the bullet and arrow scarred exterior walls.

All these places of interest are accessible by street car, modern trolleys, and are well worth the time and trouble of a visit. In the city itself are several of these famous church buildings, nearly all the ancient Spanish public places

being either preserved or markedly newer structures, boulevards or plazas. The Alamo is the most famous of all the places or buildings of historic interest in or about San Antonio. Here was the first sanguinary step taken toward the independence of Texas. Here 150 heroes under command of Col. Travis and Davy Crockett and the immortal Bowie, shed their life blood that Texas might be freed of the Mexican yoke: This little band stood off a Mexican force numbering thousands and only succumbed when their ammunition pouches were empty and they could no longer club their guns because of the onrush of superior numbers backed by artillery. It was a gloriously sad day for Texas, for ere the coming of the next moon General Houston had avenged the Alamo and thrown off the Mexican yoke forever. Texas subsequently becoming one of the United States. This story of the Alamo is known to every child in San Antonio, and the Alamo which still stands, affords mute but eloquent evidence of that awful day.

The historic richness of the Alamo is only equalled by the natural splendors of the city's large and beautiful parks and the wild scenery and rustic nooks along the San Antonio River which flows through the city, the handsome residence sections and the architectural beauties of public buildings and school houses. The development of the pleasure and health resort features of the city has gone forward of late with immense strides, modern sanitariums and hotels for the accommodation of invalids and tourists having been built about the larger of the springs that flow from the earth in a dozen or more places about San Antonio. The city is constantly expanding, commercially, and growing in population, due to wise city administration, the policy of which is to beautify the city.

Getting to San Antonio is one of the chief pleasures of the invalid and tourist. It is admirable traveling in the excellent palatial trains of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas—the "Katy." They fly, their safe and every comfort of transportation is afforded.

♦ ♦ ♦

### Furniture Bargains at Crane's

The cut price sale that is being conducted by the J. H. Crane Furniture Co., Fourth and St. Charles streets, affords an opportunity to housekeepers to secure the greatest furniture bargains ever offered in St. Louis. The sale will continue daily until February 1st next. Every article bears a tag on which is plainly marked the price. The sale is necessary for the purpose of making room for the spring styles of furniture, which soon will be ready for delivery. There the furniture that is included in this cut-price sale, is not damaged or inferior goods, but is simply a class of goods of which the firm has a surplus, though it disposed of a great deal of it during the fall. Any housewife in need of odd pieces or of sets of furniture will find it to her interest to visit the Crane store and to study their stock of bargains.

♦ ♦ ♦

A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer, Pure, Pale and Sparkling. Bottled Exclusively at the Brewery in St. Louis.

## G. H. Walker & Co. 307 North 4th Street.

### Investment Securities

Members New York Stock Exchange and St. Louis Stock Exchange.

Direct Private Wires to practically every city in the United States.

## A Cheap Rate to Mexico City

For the Golf Tournament round-trip tickets will be sold via Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry. at One Fare for the round trip.

January 1st to 16th, inclusive,

Good until February 28th, 1906. Ask your nearest railroad agent for rates, or address

J. L. WILLIAMS.

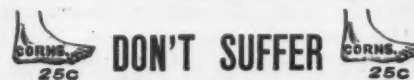
520 Olive Street. St. Louis, Mo.

Tickets are on sale every where, via



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**Kuyler's**  
UNSURPASSED  
**CANDIES.**  
ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT.  
LARGE VARIETY OF  
FANCY BOXES, BASKETS &  
**OUR ICE CREAM SODA**  
& OTHER FOUNTAIN DRINKS  
CANNOT BE EQUALLED.  
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**CANDIES** DELIVERED ANYWHERE  
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Instant Relief for all Troubles. Chillsains Cured. No Pain. Antiseptic Treatment.

**DR. A. M. MUCHMORE,**

509 OLIVE ST. Ma'n 5395. WELLS BLDG

### GERMAN THEATER—ODEON

Heinemann & Welb, Managers.

Next Sunday Night, January 14

GRAND PRODUCTION OF

### "BOCCACCIO"

Franz von Suppe's Delightful Comic Opera. With Large Cast, Handsome New Scenery. Elegant Costumes and Augmented Orchestra. THE TREAT OF THE SEASON.

**Parker's HEADACHE POWDERS**  
CURE HEADACHE 10¢



## What's Doing at the Springs

By O. L. Roberts

### Special Correspondence.

Hot Springs, Jan. 7, '05.—They're coming in droves. Every train entering the city brings its quota of tourists and health-seekers, and this season at the American Spa promises to eclipse all previous ones in the number of guests, in the splendor of the rounds of entertainment and pastimes, and in the enjoyment that is the perennial offering of Hot Springs to all who pass within her gates.

Last season there were fully 100,000 visitors at this famous resort. This season the hotel managers and the railway officials are anticipating a continued increase in number, and certainly

health-giving property. Tests were made to determine the water's efficacy at different periods after it had flowed from the spring, and the result was clearly established in favor of immediate application.

This, however, is merely essential to those who come here for the benefit of their health. It does not revolutionize the method of administering the baths; it simply improves upon it if anything.

But while on this subject of health, it may sound strange to many when I state—that Hot Springs is not altogether a health resort. True, it has the greatest health-giving waters in the world, but the Vapor City is

served to call the attention of the city authorities to the danger of such a happening in the midst of the season, and they have ascertained that as far as it is within the power of man, to do so, the hotels and many of the boarding houses have been rendered absolutely safe and secure to patrons. The leading hotels, in fact, nearly all the first and second-class houses, are built upon modern plans and are fire proof. Besides all the other safeguards of fire escapes, automatic apparatus for extinguishing fires and well-drilled corps of employes have been provided.

The clubs, too, those magnificent bowers of elegance and wealth, which among the speculatively inclined, have prompted the designation "Monte Carlo of America," for Hot Springs have also

are not, however, the sole means of pleasure. There are many who find in the excellent government made roads and driveways ideal means for the exercise of bicycling, and the children also enjoy a romp on these great highways.

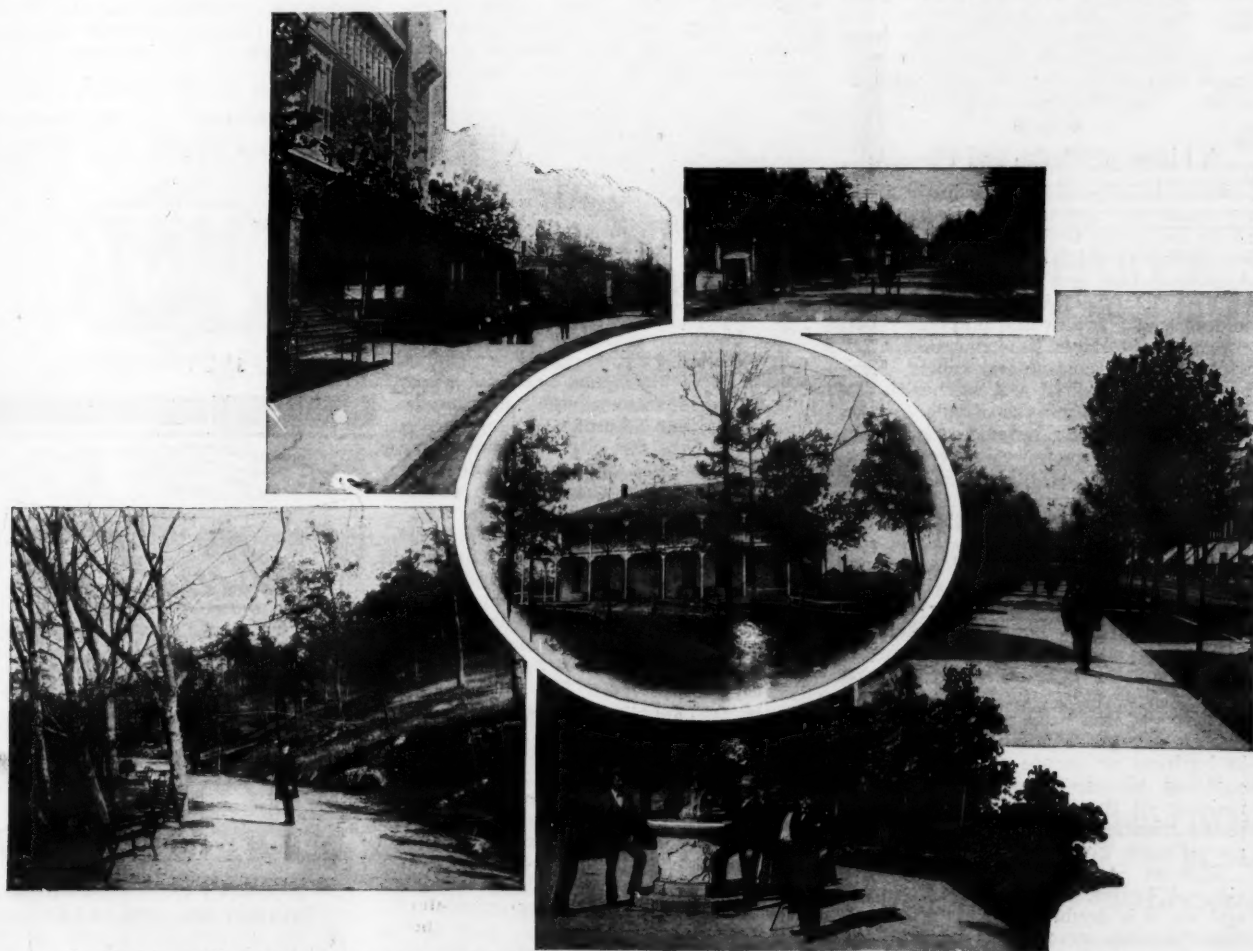
As to the amusements, any well-posted tourist will concede that there are few resorts that can boast of as many as Hot Springs. It has now two race tracks, where the best horses in the country race; for from sixty to ninety days, besides the finest golf links and tennis courts in the country.

Whittington Park is the Mecca for everybody who enjoys outdoor sports, and every afternoon and evening the broad Whittington Boulevard and the electric street cars are thronged with visitors and citizens in search of recreation and fresh air. The park is located in a most picturesque valley within a loop of the Ozark Mountains, and is reached by a level macadamized boulevard, which embraces the Government's latest improvement; the Lake Reserve Park, a model bicycle road along which electric cars run to the entrance. The features of the park are summer theater, natural springs of pure, cold water, electric fountains, swings, refreshment pavilions, a base ball ground, a bicycle track, a grand stand, a music stand, and many other devices for the entertainment of patrons.

Equally as attractive and interesting as any of the many phases of life at this great resort is the great human parade that is to be seen every day. Any person wishing to see the representative Americans at their best could find no better opportunity than that afforded by Hot Springs in winter. The promenades at the various summer and lake resorts are, of course, famous, but they are not to be compared with those of the American Carlsbad. Hot Springs has prettier boulevards, prettier parks, prettier cottages and prettier environments. It is a veritable cameo in emerald setting, the year around. And when in the indescribably pleasant days of winter, the visitors and fashionable residents take their daily stroll or drive, no more pleasing picture could be imagined. It is life at its best—life as it is to be found at Hot Springs only. Though the winter season is in full blast beyond the confines of the pretty valley, the visitor in Hot Springs enjoys his promenade indifferent to old Boreas' vain clamor at the city's gates. This is what makes Hot Springs so popular with the people of the North and South, as well as those of the East and West. Here the maids and matrons of society escape the gloom and tedium of indoor winter life at home, while all the pleasures of a practically eternal springtime are theirs. And if anything, their beauty is enhanced and their health bettered.

Here one finds that blissful repose so conducive to recuperation. It is in the ozone laden atmosphere, and the activities of the day in this favored spot, are no more wearying apparently than is a pleasant nap in a hammock in a shady grove. The air, the stable climate, and the waters impart vigor and vim to all, and even the invalid who cares well for himself, soon finds that life isn't so gloomy and that there's something still left for which to live. Even the jaded equine stars that come here to race are restored to their early spryness and courage by the air and waters. In fact, many wonders have been accomplished, it is claimed, by the application of the waters to the supposed incurable ailments of race-horses.

And this is the most delightful period of the year to visit this famous resort. Other seasons have their charms, but in winter Hot Springs is at its best. Life here is in full swing night and



Some of the beauty spots, places of interest and one of the popular drinking places of Hot Springs.

do not look for any depreciation. Already the arrivals, with the season still far from full swing, number close to the last season record. This increased interest in the pleasures and benefits of Hot Springs, among the Americans and visiting Europeans as well, is due entirely to the stability and mellowness of the climate, the increased facilities for outdoor sports, such as golf, tennis, base ball and for mountain drives, and to the now well established scientific fact that the waters of the various springs contain the tissue restoring and general health-giving qualities common to radium. The radio activity of the waters has been established beyond all question, and the further important fact has been verified that the greatest and fullest benefits are obtained by using the waters immediately as they flow from the spring. This promptness is necessary because of the evanescent nature of this illusive and powerful

primarily a pleasure resort, where wealth and fashion and refinement hold full sway for several months each year, and where pleasure is King. Some invalids there are. But they are so few as to be scarcely noticeable in the vast concourse of fashionables who are here simply to hide away from Winter or worry in one of the prettiest, pleasantest little spots in all the world, and incidentally, rest up. Some of the great princes and kings of finance and industry; litterateurs, actors, actresses and leaders in many professions will be here when the season is in full blast.

The conflagration which visited the city recently was an unfortunate affair, in that it claimed some human lives, but it has done a great deal for the city. The rookeries that were an eyesore have been replaced by better structures, much to the improvement of that section of the city which was one quite freely frequented. The fire itself

taken greater precautions against fire and all have reopened in even greater splendor of furnishings and illumination than ever before.

Outdoor life and pastimes are now attracting the visitors. The pretty Ozark Mountain drives look from a distance like great serpents coiling themselves about the bulky body of the hills. These drives are alive these days with burros and high-bred saddle horses bearing principally women and children, whose destinations are the mountain caves and fastnesses, the legendary spots of Indian folk-lore, of De Soto's time and visit to this magic valley, and still later, of the war period, when many a soldier of both armies found in the waters bubbling out of the earth hereabouts that then mysterious "something" which restored their vitality and courage, and even cured their rheumatism, and many other ills common to army life. The burro and saddle horse



day, and the blissful Paradisal climate is a charm over all. No Borean blasts, snow storms or sleet are there to spoil the continual round of pleasures. All is sunshine and happiness. The towering peaks of the Ozarks, which encompass the pretty Vapor City of the Valley, beat back the wintry winds and storms, and even the wild flowers grow the year round on the roadsides. Why Christmas day saw milady with her bunch of American beauties or chrysanthemums! Throughout the fifteen miles of driveways and the five miles of foot-paths which lead to nature's magic spots in valley and mountain, there is nothing but beauty to greet the eye. Beautiful women, beautiful weather, beautiful sunshine, beautiful skies and gardens and scenes.

No wonder this famous resort is now attracting the winter recreationists from all parts. Those who, in recent years, have spent the season here have learned of the infinite variety of pleasure constantly on the tapis, and they have spread the news. Besides, Hot Springs occupies a unique position. Its winter season is on at any time after the summer resorts close, because of its fine climate, whereas the Florida and Texas resorts, as well as others in the South, are not begun until January. Moreover the journey to and from the Arkansas resort is always an easy one. The Missouri Pacific makes it so. Solid through trains run from St. Louis to Hot Springs over the Iron Mountain Route and Little Rock & Hot Springs Western Railway, composed of Pullman compartment and standard sleeping cars, superb dining cars, free reclining chair cars and elegant high-back coaches. These trains are electric lighted and connect in the Union Station, St. Louis, with all roads. Passengers by way of Memphis, Texarkana and Fort Smith connect with trains into Hot Springs.

The Hot Springs Special is a solid, wide-vestibuled daily train between St. Louis and Hot Springs, leaving St. Louis at 8:01 p. m. daily and making the run in twelve hours.



It is only a twelve-hour ride from St. Louis to the Vapor City, and the noon train out of Kansas City makes the trip in something like twenty hours. So that getting to Hot Springs is one of the first pleasures.

Arriving in Hot Springs, the tourist need not worry about accommodations. There are hotels and boarding houses to suit all tastes. The Arlington, Park, Eastman and Majestic hotels represent investments amounting to \$2,000,000, can accommodate 2,500 guests, and have few equals, and no superiors, in this or any other part of the country. The Arlington and Majestic are open the year round, the Park and Eastman during the winter season. All of these hotels have palatial and luxurious bathing departments, finished in brass and marble, equipped with royal porcelain tubs, and appliances for every known form of bath, and are reached through steam-heated corridors without exposure to the outer air.

The Navarre, Pullman, Waukesha, Great Northern and Waverly hotels, in capacity rank next to these just described. The Great Northern, Rocka-

fellow, Waverly and Waukesha have model bathing departments in connection, while the Pullman is just across the street from "Bath House Row," and convenient to all the individual bath houses. These are splendidly furnished and appointed, set excellent tables, have first-class service and afford their guests nearly all of the conveniences of the big hotels.

Following these come some fifty others which are properly classed as hotels, besides numerous boarding houses and rooming establishments.

As I said some place in the foregoing, Hot Springs is not so much a resort for invalids as it is a pleasure resort. Yet it is both to a degree. Nearly everybody who visits the Springs takes the baths; if not for health purposes, then for curiosity or cleanliness or some other cause. In either event the matter of bathing is subject to regulation. If an invalid, he first undergoes a thorough examination by his physician, who issues instructions according to the requirements of the case,

healthy or sick, who would not be benefited by a visit to Hot Springs. It has a rejuvenating effect, and contrary to the ideas of many, it does not cost a great deal of money to enjoy the luxury. While visitors can spend as much money here, if they desire, as in any city, there is no place in the country where one can live more cheaply.

Below is given a statement showing the range of cost of comfortable accommodations, medicine and medical attendance, bathing, etc., from which it will be seen that visitors who, from necessity or other motives, desire to be economical, can live well, and enjoy all the benefits of the baths and hot water with an expenditure of as little as \$46 per month:

Boarding and lodging .....	\$15 to \$90
Physician's fees .....	20 to 30
Medicine (if needed) .....	5 to 10
Bathing .....	3 to 10
Bath servants (if needed) ..	3 to 5

Total ..... \$46 \$145

As to curative properties of the water, the United States government which controls Hot Springs, has made many tests, but prior to the discovery of radium, and the almost magical cures effected by the waters in which only well



Parks at Hot Springs and specimens of its architecture.

for the guidance of the patient and his attendant. Those instructions are usually to bathe from six to twenty minutes, with the water at a temperature of from 94 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, followed by three or four minutes in the vapor room, and five to twenty minutes in robes, according to the time required to produce free perspiration.

Those visitors who bathe simply as a luxury, or for cleanliness, will find the bath house managements sufficiently experienced to regulate the conditions.

An important adjunct to the baths is the drinking of the hot water. It is a well-known fact that these waters are the only hot waters in America which can be drunk freely without causing nausea. This is due to the presence of carbonic acid gas in large quantities, which renders the water both palatable and exhilarating.

Besides the hot water, nature was abundantly kind in providing also a number of cold springs, the waters of which are equally as beneficial as the warm in curing various ailments.

As a matter of fact, there is no one,

known agencies or specifics were found, baffled the scientists, especially physicians who could not determine why these agencies were so efficacious in these waters, and not so much so otherwise. But since the discovery of radium and its positive power as a health giver under certain conditions, tests have been made of the waters here to ascertain if their curative efficiency might not be traceable to radium. Sufficient evidence of it was quickly found. The water was found to be radio-active, and in a dark room with a sensitized plate or object at hand to attract the rays, the bather's body immediately began to radiate radium rays. This consequently, is now deemed one of the most powerful curative properties the waters possess.

It is believed that there are radium deposits beneath the springs through which the waters flow, and which they extract or absorb by means of some chemical action.

This water knowledge is all well enough for those who need it or seek it, it's of the other attractions of the

American Carlsbad I prefer to speak. This is, perhaps, one of the oldest spots known to man, aborigine, of course, included, in this part of the world. Who knows but it was the innocent cause of Ponce de Leon's long search for the "Fountain of Youth?" All the races of men who roamed this region after the earth became habitable, must have known of these springs. Perhaps they quaffed the cold waters and bathed in the warm. Certain it is the Indian, the best known early inhabitants of the land were aware not only of the peculiarity of the waters and climate, but also of their power to cure. That they imparted this information to early explorers or shipwrecked mariners prior to Ponce de Leon's search, there's scarcely any doubt. And it is reasonable to suppose that like many other stories of this great continent, it was elaborated in the repeated telling until it involved the "Fountain of Eternal Youth." It certainly comes as near to fulfilling the qualifications of the Fountain as any of the great watering places.

About Hot Springs there isn't so much of romance as there is of natural splendor and historical import. Its beauty is quite unparalleled. Nestling in a pretty valley in the Ozarks it is like a pretty jewel setting, the mountain peaks being the prongs that clasp the stone. All its avenues and highways and all of the great buildings for which the city is known, bear the stamp of Uncle Sam, and consequently reveal a

unique beauty, beauty of the kind that is substantial and useful. The government has done much to aid nature in beautifying this great pleasure resort. Millions of dollars have been expended on buildings and roads, but the money has been spent in a great and glorious cause. It's worth a trip to Hot Springs to see these Federal buildings, how honestly and stoutly they have been constructed. And the government roads are models in roadmaking. The grounds about the buildings are kept in the best of shape, and are ever a delight to the eye. Flowers, shrubs and trailing vines are used to most excellent advantage, not only around the government buildings, but the handsome residences and cottages.

Hot Springs, in its pristine state, must have been a most inviting spot. De Soto, the Spanish explorer, is known to have stopped at this place while forcing his way through the wilderness, and Longfellow, the poet, who had great stores of Indian lore, found in the base of the Ozarks fitting imagery for his pathetic poem, "Evangeline." In the days of the Civil War the Confederate medical staff realized the advantages the spot afforded for hospital purposes, and built one in the mountains, where the invalid and wounded soldiers, having access to the waters of both hot and cold springs, soon regained their health or recovered from wounds.



## New Books

The second of a series of novels by Maria I. Johnston, a St. Louis woman quite well known for her literary aspirations, has just made its appearance. "Love's Young Dream" is its title and like its predecessor, "Hector," owes its appearance in type to the ladies of the St. Louis Chaut Club, an organization which takes an interest in assisting St. Louis authors. The particular committee which attended to its production was composed of Mesdames J. W. Harrison, L. B. Valliant, Theodore Shelton, James Hagerman, Julius Walsh, R. W. Shapleigh, J. B. M. Kehlor, Elizabeth Dwver, Geo. N. Wright, P. E. Conroy, Josephine Burritt, Festus J. Wade, John Hodge, H. B. Slaughter, Wm. Magill, D. H. Smith, W. H. H. Green, Martin Shaughnessy, Isabel Holmes Thompson, J. H. Green. "Love's Young Dream" is primarily a seminary story and narrates the sacrifices, trials and tribulations to which a pretty miss is subjected, because of her uncle's strict political views, a mysterious fire at school and the fatal burning of a negro maid. The story introduces a disreputable lawyer whose malignant influence over the unfortunate girl, blights all her hopes and ambitions for years. The story is interesting enough as a narrative, but the material for dramatic effect, which is plentiful throughout, might perhaps have been handled with better results.

Samuel McChord Crothers has produced under the title of "The Pardoner's Wallet" one of the best volumes of modern essays that has been presented the reading public in some time. It affords a great insight to the foibles and short comings of humanity, revels in them in fact, and many a choice bit of philosophy is the author's deduction after a study of human nature. Perhaps the best, one of the best surely of the various essays, is that on "The Land of the Large and Charitable Air"—America, of course. In this instance the author shows his keen understanding of Americans and their ideals, and also reveals an unbiased attitude toward them in his handling of the criticism that has been meted out by alien and other students of this country and its people. He confesses to many national evils, but he quite fully acquits the American of being commercialized and in love with money for money's sake. Mr. Crothers admits the brisk and continuous nature of the money race, but he declares it is not for the prize itself the American strives so much as the joy of winning it in competition with others. In the matter of national evils that threaten serious consequences the author declares these may exist, but he also says the American character is not the kind to cry calamity in such a contingency, but will attack their nation's obstacles with iconoclastic fury and begin over if necessary. In short, Mr. Crothers has no fear of the "Decline and Fall of the American Empire," judging from his point of view. This essay and the others are thoroughly readable, original in thought, topic and style, and humor is not altogether wanting in its pages. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company, New York, publishers; price \$1.25 net.)

## Promenade Concert and Social

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Girardi have given the use of The Grand Avenue hotel to the society of The Queen's Daughter and its friends for a promenade concert and social, to take place Friday evening, January 12th. The proceeds will benefit the extensive works of the General Council and the St. Louis Diocesan Council, the latter promoting local works of charity and philanthropy and the former building up associations of the society throughout the United States engaged in similar works. The following vocalists and musicians,

prominent in social and musical circles, will render the programme: Miss Adelaide Kalkman, soprano; Mrs. George D. Barnett, soprano; Miss Stella Halloway, contralto; Mr. Clinton Elder, tenor; Mr. James Rohan, tenor; Mr. John Rohan, baritone; Miss Adelia Ghio, harpist; Mrs. Helen Thorell Cassidy, violinist.

## Magazines

Richard Mansfield is a contributor to *The Reader's* January number—"As You Find It—A Monologue in One Act"—being the title of this bit of pleasantry. Anne Warner is also represented by the first part of a good story, "The Wolf at Susan's Door," and Harriet Gaylord's contribution is a lively romance, "A Gordian Knot." There are a number of other short stories, poems and miscellaneous reading matter.

Such well known writers as Jules Claretie, Giovanni Verga, Gerhart Hauptmann, Enrico Castelnuovo, Emilia Pardo Bazan, Augusta de Wit and Maurus Jokai are among those represented by stories in *Tales* for January. The translations are from the French, Russian, German, Spanish and Hungarian. One American, Emery Pottle, has a good story in this number, entitled, "The Queerness of Things."

*Tom Watson's Magazine* for January has a varied spread of articles and short stories. Mr. Watson's own corner, the editorial, is bristling and bright and to the point. He touches on a number of timely subjects, the outcropping of the big financial and insurance investigations. The story of Cartoonist Nye's experiences with the Parkerites in the Democratic National Committee is interesting. What the cartoonist considered his best work was unsatisfactory to both Mr. Belmont and Mr. Taggart, his understudy.

The January number of *Gunter's Magazine* presents a variety of short stories, several of them appropriate to the season. Foremost among them are Archibald Clavering Gunter's mystery tale, "The Changing Pulse of Madame Touraine," and "The Strange Adventure of Mr. Pink," by Maitland Le Roy Osborne. The number also presents some timely theatrical news of new plays and a bunch of gossip about books.

*The Country Club*, a new monthly magazine, devoted to the interest of country clubs and the various outdoor sports and pastimes of these organizations, has just made its bow to the public. It's the December number, and it appears in a handsome cover in colors. Among the contents are many readable and timely articles on tennis, golf, polo, motoring, football, etc. In fact, clubmen will find within its pages much of interest to them. *The Country Club* is a St. Louis enterprise, published by the Country Club Publishing Co., room 1601 Chemical Building. Its subscription rate is \$1 per year; single copies cost 10 cents. James T. Heed and Rushmore Heed, both well known St. Louisans, are the principals in the enterprise.

Booker T. Washington, the eminent negro educator, and George W. Alger have excellent articles in *The American Illustrated Magazine's* January number, the former writing of "The Negro in Business" and Mr. Alger of "Benjamin Franklin, The Citizen." Arthur Good-

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rich, in the same number, tells of the great philanthropic work of the late Dr. Barnardo, through whose efforts 8,000 London waifs were saved from death or

worse. Julian A. Dimock describes a pastime, "Crocodiling with a Camera," that is not only new but exciting and interesting.



# THE MIRROR

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**THIS WEEK**  
**Mr. Joseph Cawthorn**

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**"Fritz in Tammany Hall."**

By John J. McNally.  
Lyrics and Music by Wm Jerome and Jean Schwartz.

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**HIS GRACE DE GRAMMONT**

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And Every Friday Thereafter, The

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Returning, the S. S. "Prince George" will sail from Havana at 5 p. m. every Wednesday, arriving at Mobile shortly after daylight Fridays, and the Havana Limited will leave the steamship dock at Mobile at 9 a. m. and arrive at St. Louis the following morning.

The S. S. "Mobila" has been remodeled and now has excellent passenger accommodations. The S. S. "Mobila" sails from Mobile now at 10 a. m. on Tuesdays and her schedule will not be interfered with by the inauguration of the S. S. "Prince George."

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